

## Martha and God

By Constance Beresford Howe

("Martha and God" is awarded The Daily's Christmas Prize, a five-dollar War Savings Certificate, as the best short story submitted for the Christmas Issue.)

IT HAD been decided suddenly that Martha was to go to Sunday-school. "The child's a perfect heathen," complained her father; "when I was her age I could rattle off whole chapters of the Bible; knew the catechism backwards; and this morning, coming home from church, she asked me what was God's first name!" And so Martha, at half-past two that afternoon, was scrubbed, brushed, given a dime and sent off to Sunday-school.

"Now, for pity's sake, try to keep clean between here and the church," said her mother. "Keep your dime inside your glove and you won't lose it. Wait—what is that dirt on your nose?"

"It's a freckle," said Martha miserably. "You tried to wash it off this morning, too."

She left the house feeling ruffled and annoyed—the usual best-Sunday-clothes feeling. A wide-brimmed hat, secured under the chin with elastic, blue coat, white stockings, shiny shoes and buttoned gloves—all weighed on her soul. As soon as she was safely away from the house, she took off her gloves with a little "ugh" of satisfaction. The dime dropped into a crack of the sidewalk, unnoticed. Martha walked on slowly, the gloves two bulges in her blue coat pockets.

Already the gray stone of the church was visible. Martha's pace slowed and she scuffed her feet in the dust. Over her shoes a cloud of golden motes rose and danced in the rich afternoon sunlight. Martha smiled with pleasure. She walked the next few yards with her eyes fixed on the ground, trailing a little wake of dust-clouds. Suddenly she spied something on the road—a glimpse of blue.

Breathless with excitement, she knelt to burrow it out of the dust. A blue glass marble, clear as ice! Martha scrambled to her feet, holding the treasure tightly in her hand. With care she breathed on the little glass ball, then rubbed it on the front of her coat. It glittered in the hot sun. She sighed with satisfaction as she tucked it in her pocket. All the rest of the way to the church, she thought of nothing but the blue marble resting safely in her pocket.

As she walked into the Sunday-school class-room her hat was awry, and the knees of her stockings were grimy from kneeling in the dust. The other little girls looked at the stranger curiously. They were all neatly buttoned and starched and sat with dignity, their feet placed together on the floor. Martha took her allotted place in the circle of chairs with only a fleeting glance at her irreproachable neighbors. She pushed her hat further back on her head and wound her feet into the rungs of her chair. The other little girls stared and giggled. Martha felt a paralyzing shyness but she turned to her neighbor in an effort to be friendly.

"Hello. What's YOUR name?"  
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## Christmas In Alcove H

By Karine Collin

SPRIG of mistletoe was hanging in Alcove H. but it was not being put to much use. Since three economists had founded the Fraternity of Alcove H, few females dared venture into the depths of the "Bonanza Gold Creek University Library" stacks.

Conover was sitting at the table, reciting mournfully "When the cost curve, increasing at a decreasing rate, meets the cost curve, decreasing at an increasing rate, while cut at tangency by optimum allocation under imperfect control..." "Merry Xmas" cried Homer Purlbottom, rushing in, upsetting the eerie stillness of the sanctum. "Wonderful!" cried Homer, "Magnificent! Why doesn't someone open a window?" "Go to H—!" grumbled Conover. "You know you can't breathe in here, against the regulations."

Ketterling D'Arcy was getting curious. "What's so wonderful?" he snarled. "Elizabeth Tiddlywinks has asked me to the Christmas Hop at the Katskill Residence" gurgled Homer. "Oh, God," said Ketterling. Homer looked hurt. "I love Elizabeth," he declared simply and grandly. "I dream of her regularly three times a week." The statement was received in an ominous silence.

The day of the Hop dawned upon the three economists, lunching, as usual in Alcove H. Ketterling and Conover were trying to dissuade Homer from going alone, with Tiddly Lizzy (as she was called), to the Katskill Residence. "You're safe as long as you are with her parents," advised Ketterling, but as soon as you're alone... beware. No man is safe in Katskill Residence. "You're too young and innocent to go round with women, anyhow" retorted Conover, "Take my word for it, pal, concentrate on Economics."

And then... ignominy... Homer took out a nail file from his pocket, and started filing his nails. Conover gave a shout, and before anyone had realized what was happening, he had snatched the vile feminine object, and thrown it into Mortality Census for 1703.

Whereupon the ghost of Jeremy Appleblossom, resident of the Census, gave an eerie shriek of indignation, and fled to the Archangel Gabriel. "They are desecrating my abode," hissed the furious phantom... "they are persecuting me in my precious peace..." "Go away," mumbled the Angel, "I have troubles enough of my own: fitting out a complete voyage for that bum, Claus, or Santa, as he calls himself. Five hundred tons of toys, three bushels of food... and only one stratospheric cloud available... one cloud! Oh, priorities, priorities!"

At supper, in the Alcove, Homer talked of nothing but Lizzy, his new blue suit, and the high price of corsages. Suddenly, he felt a rope around his waist, his ankles, and a gag was pushed into his mouth. Treachery! His own Paternity Fathers had tied him to the chair. Now there was really no more chance of going to the Christmas Hop.

At 7.45, one of the student librarians came into the Alcove. She was surprised to see Homer there. "I know you," she cooed, "you are Homer Purlbottom, the brains of the Economics Department. Why, they say you are even better than Conover Johnson!" Homer twisted in

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## Autumn

A misty autumn dawn begins the day,  
And, gazing 'cross the valley,  
I behold  
The mountainside ablaze with red and gold,  
A memory of summer passed away.  
A gentle zephyr makes the branches sway.  
A thrifty squirrel adding to his hoard  
Of nuts against the coming coldness stored  
Flits by, a running, rippling wave of gray.  
The bees with precious store have filled their hives.  
The golden grain which waved here once so high  
Has fallen 'neath the harvest-seeking scythes  
To leave a stubble bleak against the sky.  
The nights grow long and sharp with frosty chill  
While harvest moon shines bright above the hill.  
Ivan Aron.

## Poetic Justice

By Ivan Aron

Al must die. Sam's mind was made up. Al must die, for while the two of them remained, Laura could not choose between them, and Sam could not live without Laura.

Friday night would be the time. Friday, walking home from Laura's party. One push, and Laura would be his, his alone. None would suspect. The cliff path was known to be unsafe after dark, but Sam and Al were unsafe after dark, but Sam and Al always walked it together when they returned to their village lodgings after calling on Laura; for neither dared take the longer, safer road, and leave the other to appear braver in Laura's eyes.

The minister in the little village church had watched them follow the coffin down the aisle, and now six months later, to the sound of a gayer carillon, they walked again together, man and wife.

Sam and Laura had a long and happy wedded life. They died within a month of one another, surrounded by loving children and grandchildren. They never had a serious quarrel, and theirs was justly reputed to be the happiest marriages in all the surrounding country.

It may seem that the title of this story is incorrect, that poetic justice failed, that Sam committed a crime and was not punished, but it is not so. One thing completely changes the picture.

At fell off the cliff Thursday night. He slipped as he was about to push Sam over.

## Awakening

Frenzied shadows whirled into my heart,  
And madly danced until I had not breath;  
Flaming devils trampled on my mind,  
My thoughts dealt not with living things, but death.  
Swirling blackness seethed before my eyes,  
And howling horror filled my anguished soul;  
They crushed, extinguished every decent thought,  
They kindled, flayed my martyred body, whole.  
Malignant spirits dashed against my brain,  
And Jealousy soon set my blood afire.

While murky darkness choked my heart with spite,  
My conscience fled, pursued by mad Desire,  
Evil slithered in belike a snake,  
And squeezed my heart quite dry of truth and right;  
Terror seized upon my nerves, and clung,  
And Fear absconded with my precious sight.  
But though I struggled, body, mind and soul,  
Against the overpowering grasp of fate;  
I weakened, fell, and as I prostrate lay,  
I saw, aghast, I had been taught, to hate!

Mona E. Adilman

## A Christmas Message



To each one of you, students and members of the staff, I want to extend a warm personal greeting, and to wish you a very happy Christmas.

This is our sixth wartime Christmas, but, for many millions throughout the world, it dawns more brightly than its predecessors. We would not, if we could, recall the Ghost of Christmas Past, which so delighted Scrooge, because memories of sadness and tragedy cling to the years from which we are emerging. The Ghost of Christmas Present is a pleasanter companion. He can show us the lights of London gleaming against a wintry sky; the triumphant Te Deum that rises from the throats of free men and women in the Christmas Mass at Notre Dame de Paris; the sparkling Christmas trees in many a village of western Europe and liberated Russia. Let us give thanks for these Christmas blessings, and in our prayers remember the sacrifice of those men and women who have won them for us. Our thoughts go out to those on distant battle-fronts, with a heartfelt wish that they, too, may spend a happy Christmas, and we remember the many families in Canada to whom this Christmas will bring a more poignant sense of loneliness because of the absence of loved ones who have paid the last full measure of devotion.

The sacrifices made by those who cannot share our Christmas festival have won for us another chance to realize the ancient promise of the angels and establish on earth peace for men of goodwill. It is for this Christmas ideal that they are fighting and, although we cannot forget for a moment our own share in the common effort, they would be the first to wish to each of their relatives and friends a happy Christmastide.

You will find in the spirit of Christmas a new strength and deeper wisdom to help you with the tasks that lie ahead of you, and I hope not only that you may enjoy a happy Christmas yourselves but that you may increase your own joy by helping to bring to those around you a greater measure of happiness during these Christmas holidays.

F. Cyril James

## Christmas Greetings

The Commanding Officer extends to every member of the Contingent his personal good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

The record for efficiency and co-operation between All Ranks has been maintained at a high level during the past season, and All Ranks are justified in feeling that their continued efforts to maintain the traditions of the Corps have been of very definite value to the National War Effort.

J. M. Morris, Lt.-Col.  
Officer Commanding,  
McGill Contingent C.O.T.C.

## Time and Tide



FROM our special file of favorite poems, we reprint these twelve lines together with the story that they bear. They were written many years ago by a doctor in Saranac Lake, N.Y., and sent to the Saranac Lake newspaper with instructions that they were to be published on the day he died. And several years later, the obligation was fulfilled.

## The Feast

There is no more Lucullan feast than this  
At which I daily sit;  
Laughter and sunshine, love, a tender kiss,  
These are the fruits of it.  
If by chance black storm-clouds lowly bend  
My unresisting head,  
It is no symbol that my joy shall end,  
For still my feast is spread.  
A day will come with laughter just as sweet,  
The sun will fill the air,  
Love still be young, but other lips will meet;  
I shall have had my share.

## The Merchants' Carol

Come, come good people,  
Come buy our wares today,  
For Christ was born in Bethlehem  
The smiling merchants say.

A child was born in a stable  
When all the inns were filled:  
But the keepers of inns were happy  
Because their inns were filled.

A child was laid in a manger;  
He was cradled in the hay:  
But the merchant men were well content  
With the profits of the day.

So gather in, good people,  
And see our wares today:  
Hurry now and choose from us  
Your gifts for Christmas day.

Come, come good people,  
Be merry while you may:  
For Christ was born in Bethlehem  
And slept upon the hay.

NEIL GREGOR SMITH

## Next Year

By Conrad Shatner

It's cold here. As I sit down at the wooden table and write in my diary, the chilly blasts tear through my thin coat, and freeze my very blood. This thin coat despite its ragged appearance is dear to me. It has been my constant companion for four long years through rain and heat, snow and sleet. The other men in the room are in bed wrapping themselves round, each with their lone blanket. If only we had a stove or a fireplace!

The moon shines through the window giving me light by which to write. Our candles are gone and our next allotment is not due till next month. But I am used to it and the moon is a constant companion every night. This evening it is a winter moon, full and pale yellow, and the smell of snow is in the fresh crisp air, which comes like an icy blast through the crack in the window pane.

I received a letter from my wife. She tells me that my four year old son was playing "Commandos" and crying "Kill the dirty Hun." What hatred in a child of four and I, who am here, feel no hatred anymore—just pity and the loneliness that bids me "Come home once more." But hatred and playing soldiers—my son! I can already picture him in uniform in 1964. But can I picture him? Do I know what he looks like—really? Four years old and I have never looked at him; never heard him call me "daddy." But next year—when we sit down at the table to dinner with turkey and cranberry sauce, plum pudding and candy—my hungry stomach growls at the mere thought—next year—when I sit down at the fireplace and the warmth of home seeps into me and I am once more warmed by the love of my wife and I see my first-born for the first time—next year. Oh how many next years there have been—1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943—and now 1944. But next year—yes next year—I know it; I hear it with the dim roar of artillery in the distance; I sense it in the attitude of the soldiers themselves—next year, I will be home.

As I stopped for a minute, I heard the dim roar of aeroplanes in the distance. I rushed to the window and I could see hundreds upon hundreds of bombers and fighters—our planes—like angry and revengeful hornets, on their nightly mission. How different from the beaches of Dunkirk, where we covered behind sand dunes for hours! These planes they sound like the life blood of our nation, pulsing through its veins. And as they faded away in the distance I was seized with an agonizing self-pity, and

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## Perspective

The well-groomed Dane is pressing his snout,  
Against the Window, looking out;  
He meets the mongrel's envious grin,  
Against the Window, looking in.

Stephen Leacock, Jr.  
(Reprinted from "Saturday Night")

## Yesterday and Today

By Dee Aitch



'LL be back to see you again, Miss Evans. Thanks for all you've done for me. Goodbye... Goodbye. I said that twenty years ago. I was only a child then—ten or eleven years of age. A tough little kid who'd been knocked down by a truck. "Concussion of the brain" they had called it. My dear old Mother told me it was "internal hemorrhage." God bless her soul, she's gone now.

Yes, that was a long time ago... so many things have happened since then. But that little room in the hospital was the starting point. I recall the day I first opened my eyes to see light streaming in through the windows. They'd given me a private room and a special nurse. There were no other youngsters in my room, but I could hear some of them bawling down the hall. Orders were that I was to have complete quiet.

Looking down at me was a young girl in white. She smiled; caressingly patted my emaciated face and gave me her hand. It was warm and soft. I can't remember everything, but one thing that is indelibly etched in my memory is her kindness. The doctors used to come in every other day, to tap my spine. "Too much pressure on the brain" they said. And those men would go about their jobs while Miss Evans held my beaded, sweaty hands. I used to cry at first, but then I simply clenched my teeth in defiance.

Tough kid I was... you said it. Could pummel the guts out of all the bums in the neighborhood. Ran a two mile race with fellows of eighteen, nineteen and twenty... beat them all. I can't do it now. That's not because I'm too old, but because of that accident twenty years ago. Too much exercise and I get dizzy.

My condition showed improvement for a while and then a sudden relapse. They thought I was going to die but who are they to be masters of my fate? Philosophers call it "the vicissitudes of life." They gave me a transfusion and my strength came slowly back... I never took the pains to enquire whose blood it was, but later my mother told me it was Miss Evans'.

I didn't know then that there were four types of blood. Mine was type AB, so was Miss Evans'. It's rather far between you get such people as she. Not the mercenary kind but the true humanitarian. She'd arrive early to watch over me and go home late. I couldn't understand it then, but as time goes by the impression she made upon me becomes more marked.

The days wore slowly on. Her presence brought some hope to my restless spirit. But I wanted to get out of this place. I hungered after the unfettered life I used to lead. What troubled me most at times, was whether anyone in the gang had broken my record for cat-killing. Miss Evans always assured me that no person could possibly do that.

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## Then There Was Christmas

By May Ebbitt



ND Christmas was sort of special because, as mother said, "Christmas only comes once a year." Of course, mother said that about Easter and birthdays and New Year's, too, but still they were Easter and birthdays and New Year's, and this was Christmas.

You couldn't quite remember when you stopped believing in Santa Claus. Did you ever really believe he came down the chimney, when you didn't have a fireplace, only a thin stove pipe? It was true that the boys said mother got up early in the morning sometime between four and six o'clock and opened the front door for him, but they winked at each other and said it in the sort of phoney voice they used when they threatened to give you to the Chinaman if you didn't leave their stamp collections alone.

Anyhow, you kind of always knew that it was mother who put the presents under the tree. The only problem was when she did it. You tried staying awake after she turned out the light on Christmas eve, you waited in the dark listening to her low-pitched voice as she talked to daddy in the kitchen, you heard her walk down the hallway to the front of the house, and you wondered if she had begun putting the presents out yet. Finally, when you couldn't stand it any longer, you got out of bed, very carefully, so as she wouldn't hear the sound of the springs creaking and remark to daddy in a loud voice so that you could hear: "Well, can you imagine that... in bed three hours, and she's not asleep yet!"

And so you were very careful about the springs. The linoleum felt cold against your feet as you tip-toed gingerly around the bed and out into the hall. From the parlor door you could see the glimmer of the ornaments on the tree in the light from the street lamp outside, but under the tree there were still no presents. So you hurried back to bed, and the warmth of the bed felt good against your feet. And you got sleepy and decided that maybe next Christmas you would stay awake all night to discover what time mother put the presents out.

Christmas morning! You knew as soon as you woke up that something nice was happening today. At first it was like Sunday morning, for all the family was still in bed. Then you remembered that it was Christmas, and you felt warm and good.

You turned over on your back, looked at the ceiling and thought comfortably of the day ahead and of those presents waiting for you in the parlor. You got up very slowly, put on your slippers and dressing gown, walked into the parlor and looked at the tree. Then you forgot your dignity. For there they were! Big boxes and soft packages and a stocking with queer bulges and all so red and green and ribbon. And you saw that one large squarish box and pounced on it, shouting joyously, "My skates, my skates, oh, mother, my skates." You opened tearing the wrapper in your rush. You absolutely had to make sure. But it was them... shiny and new and so wonderfully beautiful.

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## A Long Time

This is dedicated to the men of good faith,  
to those who, like Tiny Tim, believe in the  
spirit of Christmas.

It is a long time since that night nineteen  
hundred years ago when the skies grew bright  
with a host of angels singing of peace on earth  
and goodwill to men. To many the history of  
the world since then gives little evidence that  
we have come very far along the road to the  
realization of those ideals. There has been war  
and intolerance and hatred. The meek still  
show little sign of inheriting the earth, and the  
men who hunger and thirst after righteousness  
and truth have yet to be filled.

The men of good faith have looked upon  
these disillusioning facts of history. They have  
seen the almost overwhelming discrepancy be-  
tween things as they ought to be and things  
as they are. They have endured personal suf-  
fering in time of war; and they have been  
subjected to injustice and misunderstanding.  
But they have somehow continued to believe  
that mankind was basically good, and that the  
forces of good would eventually win out against  
the forces of evil in the struggle that was his-  
tory. They did not believe this because man  
gave so much proof of his goodness; but rather,  
because they saw in him the potentiality for  
being good. There was evil in him too, of  
course. There was a certain animal selfishness  
which he had not quite lost in the process of  
his evolution. But that did not obviate the  
value of his will to know what was good and  
to do it.

These men of good faith are the men who  
not only believe, but have tried to live what  
they believe. The men with missions, with  
ideals, the men of every creed who have work-  
ed for the good of their fellow-man, the  
martyrs to religious and racial bigotry...  
these have been and still are the men who truly  
keep the spirit of Christmas.

The wonder of them is that their celebra-  
tion of Christmas is not confined to the singing  
of carols or the dropping of nickles into corner  
pots to provide for the poor. It is a Christmas  
spirit that lasts throughout the year. And it is  
only because they have incarnated so well the  
kindness of him who "went about doing good",  
that we feel it most appropriate to remember  
them at Christmas time.

## Anniversary

With our 33rd issue in mid-November, an  
anniversary came and went on this campus.  
Not unnoticed, though unsung, The Daily passed  
the third of a century mark in an almost  
uninterrupted history of publication and service  
begun by William E. Gladstone Murray in  
1911.

It was a bit of a coincidence that in this  
anniversary year The Daily should have pub-  
lished the first complete handbook on news-  
reporting for its staff. This handbook contains  
—a further coincidence—the only complete list  
of Daily Editors and Presidents extant. The list  
yields in length only to the distinction which  
has since then accrued to the men featured  
therein: H. W. Morgan, John S. Hall, H. C.  
Beatty, Erle A. Leslie, now president of the  
Graduates' Society; Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh; H. R.  
Morgan, A. S. (irreverently referred to as  
"Algy") Noad, E. S. Mills, W. F. MacKlajer,  
J. L. O'Brien; T. F. M. Newton, formerly of  
the Department of English, now overseas; Adam  
S. Marshall, and Gerald Clark, both of them  
newspapermen of repute. These are only a few  
among many who would probably be more  
easily identifiable by others.

## A Proposal of 'Views and Reviews' by M.H.E.

Irving Massey's article "Repercussions of Pure  
Materialism" which appeared in yesterday's Daily  
brought up some interesting problems of material-  
ism and solved them in a way not altogether  
acceptable either on the basis of emotional ex-  
perience or on a rational analysis of the generally  
accepted materialistic points of view.

Completing his article of the previous week on  
"Materialistic Monism" with a sentence to the  
effect that it was not so important whether ideas  
were true or false in themselves (ideals having  
no self-existence apart from society) as that we  
should have no "emotional attachment" to them,  
Massey followed up this point with a discussion  
of some of the specific ideals ("illusions") which  
man through some "specific disillusionments" is  
forced to "jettison". His list of the scrapped illusions  
ran: "sexual idealism, ethical idealism, vital ideal-  
ism, and aesthetic idealism". He then went on to  
say, that all ethical codes are relative, that "in  
our own period to be ethical is to be psychologi-  
cally unhealthy, and that immorality is "sound ob-  
jective common sense", and "the first thing that  
society demands of us".

Certain weaknesses in Massey's statements...  
possibly due to the space limitation which pre-  
vented him from clarifying and proving them...  
stick out astonishingly like the proverbial sore  
thumb.

First of all, Massey has over-simplified the  
expense of accuracy the whole problem of ethics,  
when he says, without even attempting a proof,  
that there are no ethical principles existing apart  
from society. Every ethicalist will admit what  
Massey claims, namely that ethical codes are rela-  
tive to the society in which they are practiced.  
It is quite true, for instance, that murder under  
the guise of a just revenge in clan warfare is  
considered quite "ethical" in some societies and  
"unethical" in others. But this fact is not enough  
to show the impossibility of ethical principles such  
as truth, justice, good, etc., existing apart from  
their realization in society... anymore than the  
fact that many people violate civil laws without  
knowing it, proves that there are no such laws.

A distinction must be made between the matter  
and the form of ethical principles. That their  
matter, i.e. their material working-out, is relative  
to such things as social mores and the evolution-  
ary stage of a race, is granted by the most ardent  
idealists. But to say that this fact proves the non-  
self-existence of formal ethical principles is to  
make a statement which is not so easily acceptable  
at its face value. If Massey does not feel it neces-  
sary to prove something he considers self-evident,  
he must at least show that the proofs already given  
for the self-existence of values are invalid.

To continue, Massey's appeal to experience as  
forcing men to see in illusions what they may  
have considered to be true ethical principles is  
not so universally obvious as to require no fur-  
ther proof. In fact, all that is necessary to refute  
the argument for materialism stated as it is here,  
is that one man honestly say he has experienced  
no such disillusionments either emotionally and  
intellectually, or that he has experienced certain  
ones emotionally but can still believe rationally  
in the existence of ethical ideals.

The statement that "to be ethical is to be  
psychologically unhealthy" may be acceptable to  
some psychologists, but to say that immorality is  
the "first thing that society demands of us" is a  
flagrant oversight of the facts. The necessity of  
ethics is both admitted by materialist, and is  
accounted for in the materialistic interpretation  
of history as having arisen so that men could  
function in society. The smooth-running of society  
thus makes imperative the existence of certain  
ethical laws. So why should society cut its own  
throat by demanding that we disobey them, that  
we be immoral?

Indeed, there seems to be considerable con-  
fusion regarding the whole materialist situation  
at this point in Massey's article. He has up to  
now been discrediting the value of all ideals and  
he now seems to be setting up society as an ideal  
by saying that it is necessary to be immoral in  
order "to make one's full contribution to society".  
It is true, as we have noted above, that material-  
ists recognize the necessity for getting along in  
society. But this is a secondary factor resulting  
from the primary selfishness that materialism must  
imply. We obey the law because it is to our own  
advantage to do so, because if we went around  
killing people we are likely to be killed ourselves.  
The materialist is a social being for his own self-  
preservation, not because he feels an obligation to  
society.

Massey closes his article with an objection to  
the "childish romantic terminology" of "words  
borrowed from ethical idealism" such as "good-  
bad-great-small". An easier way to "materialize"  
language than by the removal of such words from  
our vocabulary... a thing which Massey himself  
admits to be impossible... is a way which a  
materialist philosopher such as Hobbes has used,  
i.e. the redefining of these words. For example,  
a materialistic definition of "pity" would be the  
"fear of a like calamity overtaking one's self".

This refutation of certain of Massey's views is  
intended as a demand for clarification and con-  
sistency on his part. If he chooses to uphold ma-  
terialism, that is quite permissible, but it should  
at least be a clearly defined and objectively  
reasoned-out materialism which will stand the  
test of logical thinking.

There is no need to dwell on the heights  
attained by former staff-members. The institu-  
tion did not confer on them the qualities that  
brought them to the fore. Rather they made  
the institution what it is, a permanent and  
serviceable factor on the campus, by virtue of  
those same qualities. In so doing, there was  
instilled into them, not a spirit of self-sacrificing  
goodness, but a humanly fallible loyalty. Its  
very humanness kept that loyalty healthy and  
thus preserved its object for a full generation.  
Let the next 33 issues be as rich in interest and  
promising in scope.

## Undergraduate Journalism at McGill

(Reprinted from "Old McGill" 1928)

—A. Ross Harkness

A. ROSS HARKNESS.

McGill's first venture in under-  
graduate journalism came in May,  
1873, when the McGill University  
Gazette made its appearance on the  
campus. The introductory number  
was issued May 2, 1873, but the  
first actual number came out Oc-  
tober 1, 1873, under the editorship  
of Ernest M. Taylor. This publi-  
cation was run by a company to  
have been composed of undergrad-  
uates, and shares were issued at a  
moderate price. As a matter of  
fact, however, when the original  
editors graduated they retained  
their shares and shortly the Gaz-  
ette ceased to be, in anything else  
but name, an undergraduate publi-  
cation. While the Gazette was in-  
tended primarily to further liter-  
ary efforts, it opened its columns,  
to use its own words, "to any con-  
troversial matter connected with  
the College, provided the commu-  
nications are written in a gentle-  
manly manner."

The Gazette  
During the term of 1873-'74 the  
Gazette put out an 8 page issue  
each month, but due to lack of sup-  
port they were forced to suspend  
publication for 18 months. On Oc-  
tober 22, 1875, it re-appeared though  
in greatly altered form. The size of  
the pages were reduced from about  
8" x 11" to about the size of one of  
the University Calendars.

The Gazette continued, with  
varying fortunes, for another 13  
years, and in that time increased  
from eight pages to 18. During its  
term of life it underwent many  
difficulties, and though it seemed  
prosperous, it had ceased to repre-  
sent undergraduate opinions and  
there were many complaints from  
the various faculties. Its final issue,  
though the editors did not know it  
at the time, came out on June 2,  
1890. It fully intended to resume  
publication in October, but the  
feelings of the students were so  
strong against it that it was never  
resurrected.

The Fortnightly

For the two years immediately  
following the demise of the  
Gazette McGill students had to get  
along as best they could without  
an undergraduate publication, but  
on October 27th, 1892, the McGill  
Fortnightly made its bow. The first  
editor was Gordon MacDougall  
with H. M. Kinghorn as business  
manager. Determined to profit by  
the mistakes of its predecessor, the  
editorial and business boards of the  
Fortnightly were composed of one  
representative on each, elected by  
the several faculties. The McGill  
Fortnightly, while it devoted con-  
siderably more space to current  
news than the Gazette had done,  
was not primarily a newspaper. By  
far the larger share of its columns  
were given over to contributions of  
a more or less literary nature.

The Fortnightly was very success-  
ful, so successful in fact, that after  
six years as a bi-weekly it deter-  
mined to expand. So when the stu-  
dents returned to McGill in the  
fall of '98 they found waiting them,  
not the old McGill Fortnightly but  
the new McGill Outlook, identical  
in appearance and in size but with  
a new name and published every  
week.

The Outlook

The first editor of the Outlook,  
Miss Lucy E. Potter, the first and  
only woman to edit a McGill stu-  
dents' paper, in explaining the  
cause for the change from a fort-  
nightly to a weekly said "No one  
cared to read news a fortnight old,  
students had finished laughing over  
the jokes long before they appear-  
ed in the journal. The football vic-  
tory had perhaps been swallowed  
up in defeat by the time its praises  
were sung in print."

The support accorded to the  
weekly was not all its founders  
had expected or hoped for. It was  
found that the financial support it

was receiving was insufficient to  
maintain the old standard and in  
1902 it was made smaller. The  
pages were decreased to about 6 x 8  
in size. The support given to the  
Outlook was so very poor that dur-  
ing the next two years that the  
retiring editorial board of 1904-'05  
did not consider it worth while to  
elect their successors. The Alma  
Mater Society, however, did not  
approve of the idea of a Univer-  
sity as large as McGill having no  
publication, so they appointed the  
editors for the following year. Of  
the 1,100 enrollment at McGill in  
1905 only 360 subscribed to the Out-  
look, the remainder preferring to  
borrow one from a friend to pay-  
ing one dollar a year subscrip-  
tion. Though the deficit was very  
large that year it was still larger  
the following, so in the spring of  
1907 The McGill Outlook sang its  
swan song after a somewhat hectic  
career extending over a period of  
nine years, or including its first  
days as The McGill Fortnightly, 15  
years, a victim of the same lack of  
support which is even yet dogging  
the footsteps of so many student  
activities at McGill.

The Martlet

Only one college year intervened  
between the demise of the Outlook  
and the birth of The Martlet. The  
lack of some means of giving every-  
one the news of the University was  
felt so keenly that sufficient sup-  
port was pledged to a new publica-  
tion to make the venture possible.  
Accordingly Vol. 1, of The McGill  
Martlet was brought out on Oc-  
tober 22, 1908, and the following num-  
bers were published every Thurs-  
day, during the college session for  
the next three years. The Martlet  
was the immediate predecessor of  
the Daily, in fact it may be said  
that the Daily is the Martlet come  
of age. The purpose of the Martlet  
was purely and simply to furnish  
news of current events at McGill  
and not, as was that of the Fort-  
nightly, to serve as a medium of  
literary expression primarily and  
a newspaper secondarily. The latter  
consideration probably accounts for  
the success of The Martlet.

During the session 1910-'11 the  
demand for a daily paper assumed  
such large proportions that the mat-  
ter was taken up by the Students'  
Council with the result that at the  
beginning of the 1911-'12 session  
McGill Daily appeared on the cam-  
pus. Strictly speaking the Daily  
was not a daily because it appeared  
only four times a week. W. E. G.  
Murray, who was appointed by the  
retiring editorial board of the Mar-  
tlet in the Spring of 1911 became the  
first editor of the Daily. The subse-  
quent history of McGill Daily is too  
well known to need re-telling.

Old McGill

Let us turn back again for a few  
minutes to the session of 1896-'97.  
That spring Volume 1, of Old Mc-  
Gill, published by the class of '98,  
(made its appearance. M. C. Heine  
(Arts) was president of the Edi-  
torial Board and R. C. Peterson  
(Arts) was president of the Busi-  
ness Board. This was the first an-  
nual McGill had ever had, though  
a number of the graduating years  
had put out books giving their class  
histories and containing the indi-  
vidual pictures of the graduation  
class, but making no pretence of  
recording the events of the year.  
This volume of Old McGill was  
about 12 inches square but every  
subsequent volume was oblong till  
1921, when the present shape was  
assumed. In 1921 instead of Old Mc-  
Gill the McGill Year Book came  
out, but the class of '23 resumed  
the old name though the form of  
the Year Book was retained. Last  
year, for the first time, Old McGill  
came under the control of the Stu-  
dents' Council.

Following the cessation of the  
Outlook this University had no  
purely literary periodical. The

Martlet, it is true, encouraged lit-  
erary contributions to a limited ex-  
tent, but it was primarily a news-  
paper. The need of some medium  
of literary expression has always  
been felt, and on December 17, 1920,  
the Students' Society, at a special  
meeting, passed a resolution fav-  
ouring the publication of a monthly  
literary paper. The motion provid-  
ing for the appropriation of this  
monthly, which was to be called  
The Sifter, was turned down at the  
meeting of the Students' Council  
of December 19, 1920, for financial  
reasons, and apparently nothing  
was ever heard of it again.

The Scratch

As it turned out, McGill was not  
to be long without a literary paper  
for on December 17th, the very day  
the Students' Society met, the first  
issue of The Scratch appeared. The  
editors were very vehement in  
their declaration that "in no sense  
does The Scratch pretend to ex-  
press the opinions of the students  
of McGill or even to represent the  
views of a minority of them." The  
first issue consisted of four pages,  
the second, folded like a railroad  
timetable, six pages, and the re-  
maining numbers of eight pages.  
With the sixth number the name  
of The Scratch was changed to The  
Critic and it was known by that  
designation for the remainder of its  
existence. The last number appear-  
ed on May 18, 1921, just after con-  
vocation.

In 1920 an anonymous pamphlet,  
called The Broadside was circulat-  
ed gratis for four or five weeks.  
Its main function appeared to be to  
express the rebellious spirit of the  
editor which was denied egress in  
the columns of the Daily.

The Daily's Literary Supplement  
During the session of 1924-'25, the  
Daily published every Wednesday a  
Literary Supplement under the edi-  
torship of A. J. M. Smith and Alan  
B. Latham. The venture proved  
too much of a financial burden to  
the Daily and it only appeared one  
year.

The following session 1925-'26 the  
editors of the Literary Supplement  
founded an organ of their own, the  
McGill Fortnightly Review, an In-  
dependent Journal of Literature,  
and Student Opinion as they called  
it. The first issue appeared on  
November 20 and it has been ap-  
pearing more or less regularly  
Continued on Page Six

## INTRINSIC VALUE



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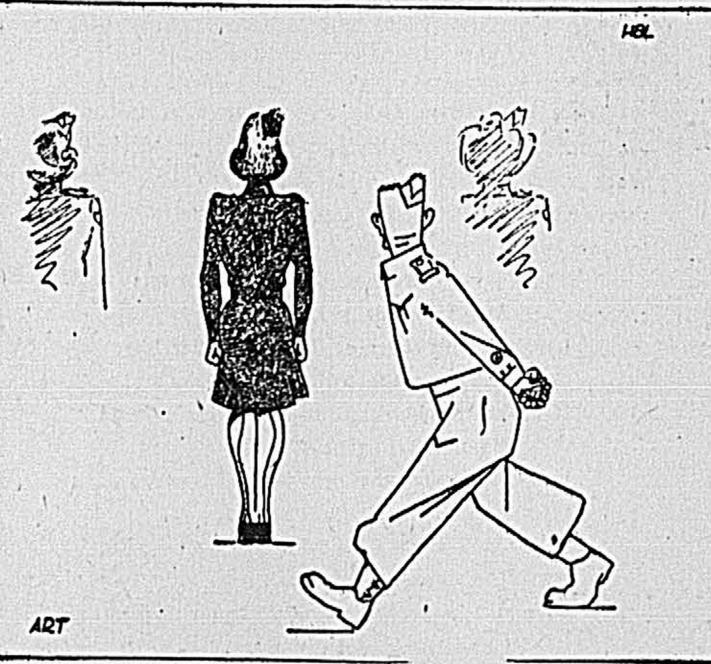
FOR CITY, CAMPUS AND COUNTRY WEAR!

Classic Corner — Street floor

**HOLT RENFREW**

Sherbrooke at Mountain

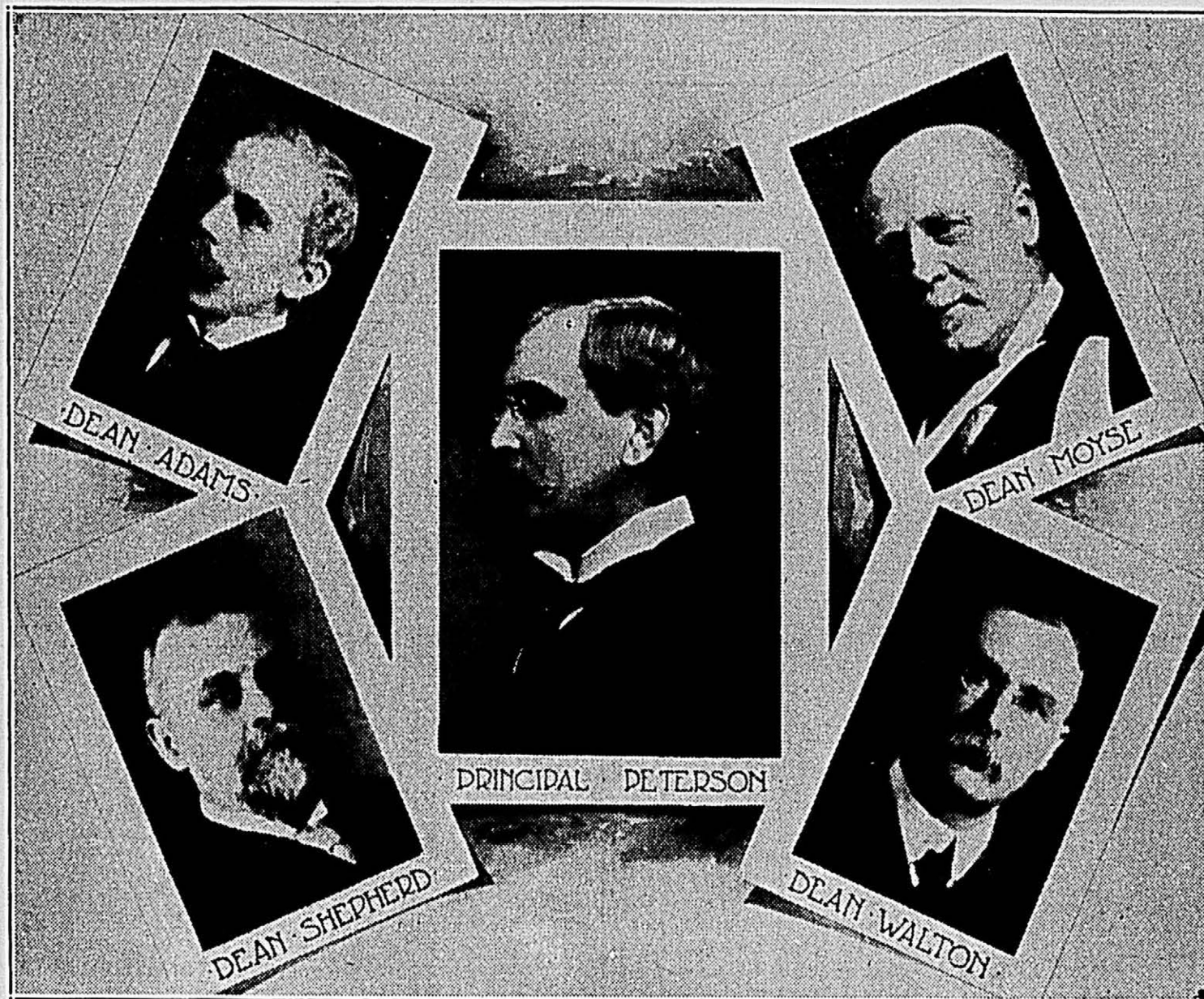
## The Daily's Cartoon



"Weatherby, your seams aren't straight."



**Sir William MacDonald,  
Governor**



**Lord Strathcona,  
Chancellor**

*Monday, Oct. 2, 1911.*

*Vol. 1, 1911-12*

*Monday, Oct. 2, 1911*

*Monday, Oct. 2, 1911*

*Saturday, Nov. 4, 1911.*

Thursday, Oct. 19, 1911.

His weary arm supports his head at last,  
One bound and then the conflict will be past,  
But ere 'tis made, comes straight from Paradise  
One glorious thought, "Thank Heaven the thing is fast!"

We have endeavoured to discourage student lawlessness and rowdiness. We are glad to testify that these elements of student gatherings seem to have disappeared. We believe that Freshmen and Sophomores should be commended rather than condemned for the conduct on Theatre Night—conduct that consisted mainly of harmless student fun with no destructive and discomforting accompaniments. We are happy to bear testimony to the improvement, and we can see no just cause for criticism. Surely "noisy McGill students" as a pulpit text on the subject of a pulpit warning to young men is somewhat wearisome. It savors of frock-coated melodrama—which is equally as empty as student noise.



## Hoodoo McFiggin's Christmas

By Prof. Stephen Leacock  
(From The Daily of Dec. 16, 1911)



HIS SANTA CLAUS business is played out. It's a sneaking underhand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who had been expecting a ten-dollar watch, and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the heir and son of the McFiggin, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket-money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five-cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a puppy dog and an air-gun and a bicycle and a Noah's ark and a sleigh and a drum—altogether about a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. I woke him up and he sat up in bed, his eyes glistening with radiant expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! Ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully, as he began undoing it, "I'll bet it's the puppy-dog all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy-dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice strong, number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus," and underneath Santa Claus had written, "95 net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice, brand new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the package was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it! I'll fire some off now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs no caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a tooth-brush. Yes, it was a tooth-brush—a regular beauty, pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, and the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with his tooth-brush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft and bulky. It had been too long to go into the stocking and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in the anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped, "It's the drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants—a pair of the nicest little short pants—yellowish-brown short pants—with dear little stripes of color running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written, "Hoodoo from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there was something wrapped up in it. Oh yes! There was a pair of braces wrapped up in it, braces with a little steel sliding thing so that could slide your pants up to your neck, if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present, "It's a book," he said as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy stories or adventures. Oh, I hope it's adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had not seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of playing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First, he played with his tooth-brush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast-time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed, I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels bring.

## Political Comment

### INFALLIBILITY OF THE BIG THREE

I was very glad to see Mr. Miller put Mr. Gonsalves in his place. Mr. Miller's letter showed that his heart was in the right place. However, I was regrettably disappointed by his final conclusions in which he stated his confidence in Roosevelt and Churchill but did not believe they were infallible.

It should be clear that this is not a question of "good" men making mistakes but it is a question of ruthless clever political leaders carrying out a master plan as I suggested to the discomfort of two young men who insisted that I had been reading Leftist pamphlets when I quoted the Montreal "Gazette".

At the recently finished conference of the British Labor Party (Requiescat in Pace), Mr. Bevin-Labour Minister—reported that the

British policy in Greece was no mistake but was one agreed to by Stalin and Roosevelt at Teheran and Quebec, i.e., "Britain had undertaken to look after Greek problems and Russia would look after Rumanian problems", neither meddling in the spheres of influence of the other.

Further the "Gazette" (not a Marxist pamphlet) on Dec. 7 reported that Mr. Eden had said that the "British Government has a perfect right to intervene when necessary in liberated Europe's political quarrels" (Who is to determine when it is necessary?)

Churchill accused the Greek patriots of being "bandits from the hills"; how else could they have existed under the Nazis except as bandits in the hills? He accused the Belgian resistance of taking the government into their own hands; Continued on Page Eight

## The Daily Goes Aboard

# T.S.S. LETITIA—HOSPITAL SHIP

—Jack Rishikof

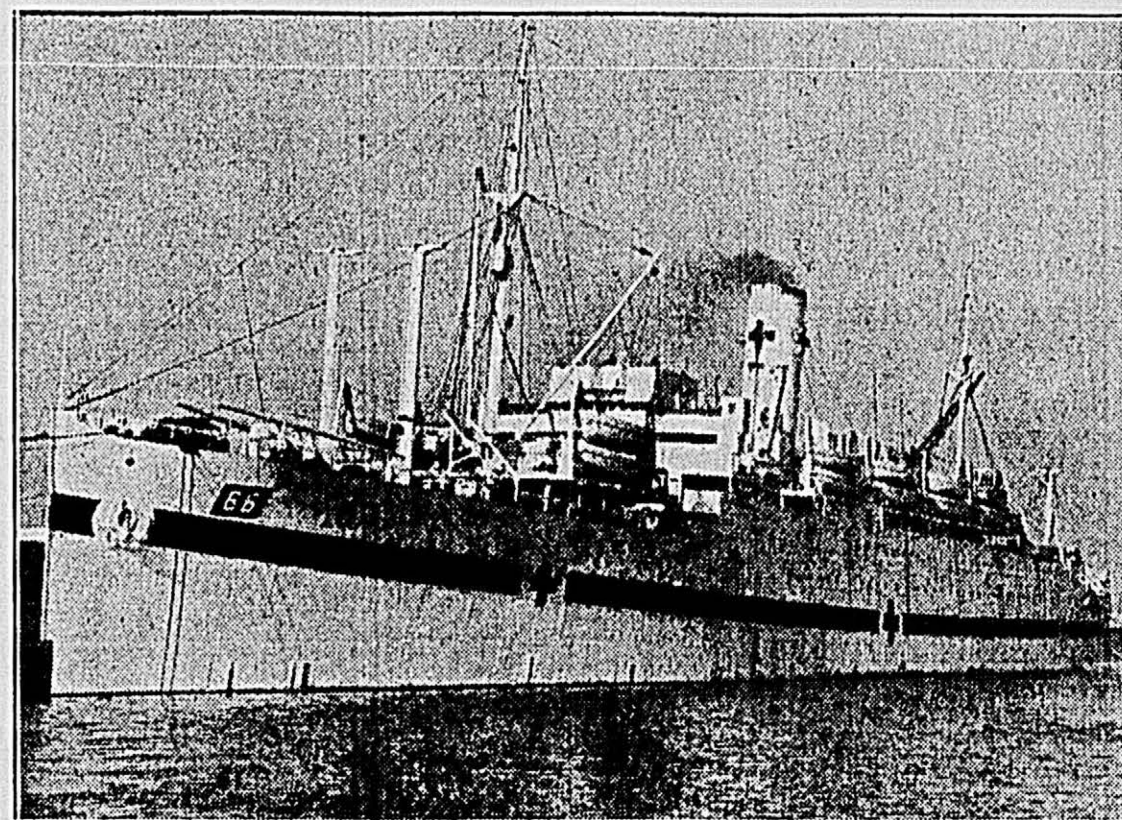
One of the world's most modern hospital ships, T.S.S. Letitia, transformed from a battle-scarred troop-carrier to a ship of mercy, will soon join the Lady Nelson as the second largest of Canada's hospital fleet rebuilt to transport wounded Canadians from European battle-fields.

Before describing the ship as fitted for its new mission, let us see what the ship has gone through during these five years of war. It was hard to get the men to speak of their exploits, first as an armed merchant cruiser, and later as a troop transport; but what they finally consented to tell while I worked on the ship during the summer was far from dull.

### Converted To Armed Cruiser

Taken off her passenger run in 1939, shortly after her sister ship the Athenia was torpedoed and sunk, she was converted to an armed cruiser and went on convoy duty at the beginning of 1940. On her first voyage from Africa she ran into bad luck—six ships of an 11 ship convoy were lost, including an aircraft carrier.

She had other close calls, one night in 1941, a German sub surfaced "only 20 or 30 feet off her beam abreast the bridge". The men on the bridge could hardly speak; they were so taken by surprise;



and she was so close that they could not bring their guns to bear. "We had no depth charges at the time, or we could have blown her right out of the water when she dove," several of the crew told me. "Instead, we zigzagged out of there fast. Jerry came up behind, took a good look at us through his periscope, and didn't fire a shot. Seems he must have been short too."

### Action In Mediterranean

The greatest part of the Letitia's action was in the Mediterranean, however, and it is of that phase of her action as a troopship that the crew are most proud. "Commodore ship" in more Mediterranean convoys than any other one ship; carried some of the bravest fighting men in the world right into the beaches "through, bombing and strafing, carried troops ashore in the North African invasion, are only some of her brilliant exploits.

Now, begins a new life. Stripped of her battle armor, her teak rails scarred with the initials and names of boys, some of them Canadians, who scrambled down her side-nets into assault boats, the 20-year-old Letitia will set sail on her mission of mercy backed by years of stirring adventure on the high seas.

### Vivid Ship's Log

The spray-stained pages of her log are marked with bombings, strafings, torpedoings; but soon she sails on a different type of voyage, of which her officers say "Bombing—hell! Our biggest worries begin when we take aboard our first wounded."

Where carefree passengers once played deck-quoits, huge life-rafts stand ready to be sent overboard. Her once black funnel is now a tower of gleaming white, surmounted by four huge red crosses. Inboard from her promenade decks, ship's and medical officers will relax in the oak-paneled smoking-room where vacationing Canadians once played chess, drank and chatted.

Gone from between decks are the old cabin staterooms. In their place here been installed 17 spotless, indirectly lighted hospital wards. Where once soft-footed stewardesses announced milady's bath, blue uniformed Nursing Sisters now rule the roost.

### Operating Rooms

Gone also are the Letitia's brightly shined portholes; the outboard brightwork is now covered by a mantle of white. Near the wards on B Deck, two spacious operating-rooms have been installed. Air-conditioned, sound-proofed, they stand ready for the skillful surgeons who will soon bend over their gleaming tables.

On the after port side on B deck, Canada's wounded soldiers will find a soda fountain, bright with monel metal equipment, where they will be served anything from lowly coke to an overflowing banana split. In this department are containers to carry huge supplies of many-flavored ice-cream, all of which is made on board in the "mechanical cow."

The Canadian Government has left nothing out that will contribute to the comfort of this great ship's wounded passengers. The "Letitia" carries the last word in hospital equipment. There is a fully equipped dental laboratory, a mobile X-ray unit for patients who cannot be moved to the X-ray room, a pathological laboratory, sterilizing rooms, and a storage room for vital serums.

On "C" deck, where once third class passengers sometimes hastily swallowed mal-de-mer remedies, the dining room has been fitted up for walking patients. Nearby is the laundry where the linen from the ship's 762 beds will be sterile-washed.

### Kitchen Facilities

The new galley, replete with the latest in catering facilities, can serve 3,000 passengers thrice daily. Hoists and lifts run from the main galley to carry food to wards on all decks.

Down in the Letitia's cavernous engine-room, engineers with a Highland brogue are making final checks of the massive turbines, installing the latest bridge-to-engine communications.

Wherever wounded soldiers will be on the ship, an amplifier has been installed to bring them music and laughter.

Twenty-five feet above the ships water-line, a four-foot-wide green band runs from stem to stern around her 530-foot hull; just below A deck, run a series of green

lamps—these and two crosses on her funnel, will illuminate the ship at night, so that other ships whose path she crosses will know her mission.

Under her flag of mercy the Letitia will carry, besides her crew of 160, 14 medical officers, 33 nursing sisters, and 200 medical attendants of various ratings. The O.C. is Lt.-Col. Al Cornish of Victoria, B.C. In the opinion of all high-ranking army officers, the T.S.S. Letitia is "better equipped than most Canadian hospitals."

So the Letitia is ready to bring our boys back home. HOME! It will be a magic word to these men. Numberless times during their battles through hell and fire, they wondered when they would see Canada again. Now they are going

### Christmas Gifts

Handkerchiefs  
Gloves—Ties  
Suspenders—Socks  
Wool Pullovers  
Scarves, Etc.

All Boxed

**McLAUGHLIN**  
AND  
**HARRISON**  
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**Birks**  
SILVERSMITHS

## From the University of Montreal

The Quartier Latin and its administration will be the subject of this week's article.

The Quartier Latin, our weekly paper published every Friday, has a circulation of about 3,000 copies.

In the vast university building, along one of its many hallways, you will find a door near D'223. Knock and walk in. You will find a single room, with one desk and one table filled with student publications coming from all provinces of Canada and from different foreign countries.

Manuscripts and records are kept in files. Two cupboards and a few graphs strewn around complete the furnishings of the room.

With a disorderly appearance but orderly administration, the Quartier Latin is doing its best in reflecting elsewhere as well as here the ideas of the University of Montreal student.

—B. W.

### Les Concerts Symphoniques

Claudio Arrau, well-known Chilean pianist, will be the soloist with the orchestra of Les Concerts Symphoniques on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, December 19 and 20, at Plateau Hall. The permanent director of the orchestra, Desire Defauw, will conduct.

Mr. Arrau will play the Burlesque for Piano and Orchestra by Richard Strauss, and the Ballade for Piano and Orchestra by Gabriel Faure. The remainder of the program will include Ernest Chausson's Symphony in B flat, and a Prelude and Allegro by Francois Couperin in an arrangement for modern orchestra by Darius Milhaud.

economic problems are treated at various intervals. The articles on these subjects consist mainly of statistics found by the students while investigating various surroundings. J. P. Ste-Marie has already initiated us into the social problems of the day. Another comment, as it were, is inter-university relations. This task falls on De Guise Vallancourt, who has appointed this writer to the relations between McGill and Montreal. Other students communicate with other universities.

This new service of the Quartier Latin began this year and will expand considerably, since by it we are able to exchange ideas and thus open new vistas.

Such is the Quartier Latin's organization. Its spirit need not be commented upon. We have but to read it to find out!

PIERRE CAMU

### The Montreal Festivals, Inc.

The fifth annual series of chamber music concerts given by the McGill String Quartet will be presented early next year by the Montreal Festivals. Guest artists appearing will be the Salzedo Concert Ensemble; Orlando Cole, cellist; Robert McBride, clarinetist; and Douglas Clarke, Dean of the McGill Conservatory of Music, pianist. The concerts will be given on January 19, February 9, February 23 and March 2, 1945, at the Windsor Hotel. Subscriptions may be made to the Montreal Festivals Inc., Room 14, Windsor Hotel and subscriptions may also be made for others as Christmas gifts. Specially priced student tickets may be obtained at the McGill Conservatory of Music.

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SPECIAL COURSES PLANNED FOR VETERANS

Dr. M. V. Roscoe, R.V.C. Dean Will Receive Faculty Guests At Coeds Christmas Festivities

Program Includes Floor Show, Games, Dancing, Refreshments

The Christmas Dance, sponsored by the Women's Union, will take place tonight in Royal Victoria College, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Don Cameron's Orchestra will be in attendance, with Joan Summerville as the vocalist. Entertainment will take the form of a Bathing Beauty Contest, accompanied by Marylyn Miller on the piano; a monologue by Barbara Whitley; and a dance by Geraldine MacKinnon.

Dr. Muriel V. Roscoe, Dean of R.V.C., and Scotty Watson, President of the Women's Union, will receive the faculty guests for the evening. Dr. Roscoe is the sole patron of the Dance.

The floor show will commence at 11 p.m., and the refreshments will be served in the succeeding half hour. Box lunches and punch have been announced as the refreshments to be served at the dance.

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Dancing will take place in the Upper Gym of the college, and the Lower Gym will be used as a games room. The common room and Art room will also be open to the public. All these rooms and the entrance hall will be decorated in Christmas festoons, the decoration committee announced.

Tickets will be sold to coeds only, and may be purchased for \$1.50 in the Arts Building Common Room, from class executives, or at the R.V.C. switchboard office today. Ticket sales will close at 6 p.m. and no tickets will be sold at the door.

Ottawa Students Do Char Duties

Shortage Of Labour Prompts Action By Students Council

Ottawa, Dec. 14.—(CUP)—It was announced by the University of Ottawa authorities that the current labour shortage has left the University with too few charwomen to perform their required duties. The students decided to aid in the cleaning of the college voluntarily. As there is a record attendance at the University this year the students council immediately decided to take the matter in hand and they sent a delegation to offer the Bureau whatever assistance the students could give. The authorities readily accepted the offer and the students formed themselves to perform duties. These groups do all the regular duties of the former charwomen.

**POLISH STUDENTS**  
A Polish-Canadian Students' Club, consisting of all Polish-Canadian pupils attending Loyola College, McGill University, Sir George Williams College, Montreal Technical School and D'Arcy McGee High and Catholic High Schools, has been formed to advance the welfare of all Polish students in the city. Headquarters of the organization is situated at the parish hall of St. Mary's Church, 2118 Montgomery street.  
F. Matusiewicz was elected president of the club at a recent meeting. Directors chosen were Miss Jane Karpiak, vice-president; Miss Wanda Lutyk, secretary; K. Biel-ski, treasurer; and B. Stanislawski, publicity manager.

Around the Globe

Paris: The United States Seventh Army drove to the German border today, and is now turning its big guns on the Siegfried Line and the city of Karlsruhe.

Athens: Fighting last night again flared up in Athens. British Headquarters in the Grande Bretagne Hotel were bombarded last night by E.L.A.S. 75mm. guns.

Washington: Three German weather reporting expeditions in Northern Greenland were smashed by United States forces.

Russia: Russian advance troops last night closed in on the Hungarian coal centre of Szendro. This city is 95 miles northeast of Budapest. Other Russian troops are still hammering at the German defences around the Russian capital.

Carol Service on Sunday; Present Brewer in Recital

Next Sunday, Dec. 17th, at 7.30 p.m., the annual carol chapel service will be held in Divinity Hall, 3520 University St. The service, which is being sponsored jointly by the I.V.C.F. and S.C.M., will consist mainly of carols and special numbers to be sung by the choir Mr. George M. Brewer the organist of the Church of the Messiah will close with a brief recital.

After the service there will be Open House at the S.C.M. House, 3547 University St., with entertainment and refreshments.

McGill Receives Over \$30,000

Gifts and Grants Include Work Of Dr. Leacock

Gifts and grants amounting to \$30,791.17 besides books and manuscripts donated to the Redpath Library, were announced in a list from the principal's office yesterday. Included in the gifts to the Library, were a hundred and seventy-three manuscripts of the work of the late Dr. Stephen Leacock, professor of Economics at McGill University.

The following are the donors and their donations:  
Mrs. G. R. Caverhill, Additional donation for the endowment of the G. Rutherford Caverhill Fellowship in Medicine, \$1,000.00.  
The Wolfe and Montclair Chapter I.O.D.E.—Additional donation for the endowment of the Ethel Walker Joseph Prize, \$100.00.

Mrs. Smith B. Williams—Donation to Medical Students' Loan Fund in memory of Dr. Raymond J. Dawson, \$5.50.  
Corporation of Professional Engineers of Quebec—Bursary to student in the Faculty of Engineering, \$100.00.

Anonymous Donation to maintain the Mary Keenan Scholarship in the Department of English, \$200.00.  
Province of Quebec—Quarterly instalment of grants to Macdonald College—General grant, \$8,750.00; Auxiliary grant, \$5,000.00.

American Women's Club of Montreal—Donation for bursary to graduate student, \$100.00.  
Mrs. Hobart Springle—Additional donation for the endowment of the Hobart Anderson Springle Memorial Fund, \$400.00.

Anglin-Norcross Corporation Limited—Donation to maintain the Anglin Norcross Prizes in Engineering, \$50.00.  
Blacker Benevolent Trust—Half yearly payment for support of Blacker Library of Zoology, \$250.00.

Verdun High School Memorial Scholarship Fund—Scholarship to student from Verdun High School, \$100.00.  
Estate of J. Hamilton Ferns—Balance of legacy of \$13,650.67.

A. H. Elder, Esq., K.C. Donation to maintain the John Munro Elder Scholarship, \$100.00.

Hear Llewellyn at Closing Meet of Societe Francaise

Parallèling The Fables of La Fontaine to a modern newspaper, its news section, sports section, and even notices, the Rev. Father Robert Llewellyn addressed the Societe Francaise at a meeting held at RVC yesterday.

The speaker told of the humor of Jean de La Fontaine, of his amusing cynicism as regards the affairs of the world. In closing, he said, that all reading a newspaper should use their sense of humor, and not take it as seriously as the "sad-faced men of La Fontaine."

Yesterday's meeting was the last of this session. The next one is to be held early next term, when a play in French is to be presented.

Daily's Christmas Party Revises Immortal Dickens

Masthead Expects To Make Clean Sweep With New Canadian Stage Sensation On Monday Evening

By M. A. R. LEYSOASTE

Montreal has a "Junior Miss" on the boards of the Montreal Repertory Theatre; Moyses Hall has "Everyman"; but The Daily continues on a middle-of-the-road policy with the revival of good clean fun in "A Christmas Carol," by that immortal optimist, Charles Dickens, next Monday evening in the Grill-room of the Union.

For the first time in 33 and one-third years entering the field of the theatre, the upper masthead of the campus' only news-scooper expects to make a clean sweep of the decade's stage honors with its revised, satirized, completely recognizable version of "The Trials and Tribulations of one Bob Cratchit," or "A Study in the Subconscious of Ebenezer S."

Owing to a copyright previously obtained by the aforementioned Charles Dickens, the script-writers refuse to divulge their identity, but insist that the Christmas gifts which will be distributed afterwards are definitely not intended as an incitement to attend this new

Canadian stage sensation. Nor have the refreshments and dancing, they insist, anything whatsoever to do with luring freshette reporters over to "the rag" from R.V.C., Strathcona Hall, and MacLennan Hall, whence must come new blood to reinforce the present legions of the House of Editors.

Although final authorship of and responsibility for the masthead's vehicular candidate for Broadway remains in doubt, the featured artists have been revealed as consisting exclusively of the managing-board, department-heads, and some other associate-functionaries. The cast has, despite its imposing array of authorities, refused to expose itself unnecessarily to pelting from its audience of reporters and guests from the University of Montreal's "Quarter Latin". Therefore the presents which all members of the staff are expected to bring as admission fee will be distributed later, by the Santa-Claus-in-Chief. This procedure is compulsory, since no presents having a value of more than two

Continued on Page Six

General Meeting of Radio Workshop Will Hear Playback of Recent Play

A playback of Arch Oboler's "The People March," which was recorded by a cast of the McGill Radio Workshop last Saturday, as well as a replaying of several of the Radio Workshop's earlier productions, will be featured at the general meeting of the organization, which is to take place tomorrow at 2.30 p.m. in the Union Music Room.

The production department also stated that an instructional period on "Microphone technique" will also be held by the producers of the organization. "It has been found," the production department announced, "that many improvements could be made in the average actors' approach to the microphone: diction could be im-

proved, and a lot of the natural nervousness of the actor can be eliminated. It is to this purpose, that the producers will endeavor to direct their efforts."

This is the last meeting of the Workshop before the holidays, it was announced, and plans are to be discussed for an extended program of the organization in the coming term.

In addition, it was learnt from the executive, that plans are to be announced on Saturday for the holding of a radio-script writing competition; it is planned that the best two radio scripts, handed in after the holidays, will receive a special prize, and will also be used by the Workshop in future productions.

Laval University Offers New Course in Engineering

Quebec, Dec. 14.—Laval University "has come to the point of creating a School of Mechanical Engineering which will train engineers and technicians," said Quebec City's L'Evenement-Journal in an editorial recently.

The editorial states further: Laval University is not at the end of its innovations. Always on the search for new developments and progress, it embarks on enterprises that are in consonance with its mission and that offer to youth many means of perfecting its instructions in every field. The war has revealed the power of mechanization which dominates armies and brings important victories.

Spanish Play and Choir Planned for Next Session

A play will be presented, in March, by the Spanish Department. The various parts will be played by students of Spanish, but the choir, to be featured with it, will be composed of all students with knowledge of the language. The songs featured will be of Spain and of South America.

The Spanish Club is planning a series of events to be featured after Christmas. Anyone desiring to become a member should contact either Jack Jenkins, Raoul Gurdian, Isabella Prados or Lya Popper.

CBC Secures Promise of Site For Radio Station on Mt. Royal

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation recently secured permission of the municipal authorities of Montreal to build a broadcasting station on the top of Mount Royal. The station is to be used for Frequency Modulation and, eventually for television.

The new F. M. system operates on special short waves and is characterized by a limited radius of operation, working under the same laws as those which govern the movement of light. The distance spanned is proportional to the power used and limited to the horizon. It is therefore important to locate the transmitter at the highest point possible to increase coverage. In New York the experiments have been carried on at the top of the Empire State Building.

Montreal, the CBC General Manager, Dr. Augustin Frigon, pointed out, has the very exceptional advantage of having a high elevation right within the city limits. The ideal location

for a Frequency Modulation transmitter is obviously at the highest point of Mount Royal. Major Edwin Armstrong, inventor of the system to be employed, has stated that in this respect Montreal can be considered an excellent location for experimentation and actual operation.

The CBC architects will work in close conjunction with the city authorities in erecting a building that will in no way mar the beauty of Mount Royal and the existing structures there. When the station is in operation, it will require the attendance of two or three engineers only. The public will be allowed to visit the building at stated days and times.

During the recent Parliamentary enquiry on radio, Dr. Frigon reported that Frequency Modulation represented, in his opinion, a revolutionary step. The Edwin Armstrong system will solve the problems of static and permit a very high quality of reception.

Instruction Program Projected Aiding Discharged Servicemen To Begin Studies Immediately

McGill Hillel Executive Determined at Elections

The results of the election for the officers of the Hillel Foundation were announced last night.

Re-elected to serve as president until the end of the present session was Harold D. Rosenbaum, Dentistry III. R. Martin Sterlin, Arch. II and Naomi Fitch, Science II were elected to the positions of first and second vice-presidents respectively. Elaine Robinson, Science III was elected secretary and Herbert Shayne, Commerce II was elected treasurer.

The above mentioned persons will assume office immediately and their term of office will expire at the close of the present session.

Alberta Reads Sask. Letter

Edmonton, Dec. 14.—(CUP)—

The coming conference of the National Federation of Canadian University Students will be held at the University of Western Ontario on Dec. 27, 28, 29, according to a letter read at a recent meeting of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

The letter, from the University of Saskatchewan, was read to the Council by President Alf Harper. Expenses of delegates to the conference will be pooled, and the agenda to be discussed will include Military and National Selective Service Regulations regarding varsity students, the possibility of reducing reduced travelling rates for students, and other matters concerning Canadian universities as a whole. It was moved and passed that the President of the U. of A. Students' Council be sent to this conference as a delegate.

Regarding the present situation of the University residences, it is probable that they will be ready for occupation by students at the beginning of the new year. The gymnasium and dining-room of Athabasca Hall will also be ready for use shortly, it was reported. However, the problem of the I.T.S. Drill Hall is at present using it as a storehouse, and there is no indication of its being vacated in the near future.

The sum of \$403 was subscribed to the Cigarette Fund, for the purpose of sending cigarettes to men overseas, by men taking military training at the University. The total was distributed as follows: C.O.T.C., \$235; U.N.T.C., \$70; U.A.T.C., \$58; R.C.A.M.C., \$20.

A letter from President Newton regarding the S.U. Building Fund was read. The Students' Union is planning a \$150,000 building, to be

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Lack of Med Faculty Emphasised at UBC

Vancouver, Nov. 21.—(CUP)—

There are this year in the University of British Columbia more than 165 pre-med students who are waiting to be admitted into the medical faculties of other universities. A survey, conducted by Alan Macfarlane, president of the Monro Pre-Med Club, showed that these universities will admit only about 30 of these students.

This year's registration of pre-med students is larger than ever before, nearly trebling that of last year. As yet, the figures are incomplete since more are expected to register at the next meeting of the club.

This year there are 65 third and fourth year students applying to medical faculties. Since at the most thirty will get in, thirty-five students will be left. As there are about 100 students registered in first and second years, this situation will grow worse year by year.

Dr. D. A. Keys Named to Direct Proposed Rehabilitation Scheme

Special courses starting on Monday, January 8th, may be instituted at McGill under the direction of Dr. D. A. Keys of the Department of Physics, for men who are now being discharged from the armed forces and would like to begin or finish their University education, without the additional delay of nine months.

McGill Gliders Shown Movies; Discuss Plans

Glider Obtained From Ottawa Club; Available in Summer

At the meeting held in the Union Grill Room last evening the McGill Gliding Club presented the film "Prelude to Flight". The film purported to show the initial and advance stages in gliding starting with the Dagling Primary and advancement into soaring proper with the "Kite" secondary sailplane.

Mr. Shenstone, Chairman of the Technical Committee of Soaring Association of Canada spoke on the methods of inspection of gliders and the problems involved in designing and building a winch. He mentioned that some of these problems would be ideal for machine design classes in universities across Canada.

The Executive reported on its trip to Ottawa with regard to the equipment of the ex-McGill Flying Club. It was agreed that the Falcon Sailplane was to be given to the McGill Gliding Club. John Agnew, member of the Technical Committee, stated that the Cadet secondary sailplane would be available for all members this summer and that progress was reported on the Dagling Primary being built in Montreal.

George Knapp, who leads another large gliding group in Montreal, suggested that his group merge with the McGill Gliding Club. Dis-

Continued on Page Six

"Everyman" Presented Again

English Department Repeats Performance Of Morality Play

"Everyman", shown last night, at Moyses Hall, will be presented again, this evening, at 8.30 p.m. It is the first production of the year, by the English Department, and is acted by students of English 13, 22, students of the School of Architecture, and members of the Orchestra of the McGill Conservatorium of music. Admission is free.

The play itself was produced and directed by Joan Jackson, of the English Department. The Orchestra and choir are under the direction of Dean Douglas Clark, Director of the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Gordon Webber, of the School of Architecture supervised the sets, costumes, and lighting. All the latter, and the make-up, were carried out by the students of English 13 and English 22, as part of their course work.

Around the Campus

Today: B.W.I. Society Study Group meets in the Union Players' Club Room at 5 p.m. ... Women's Union Dance tonight at 9 p.m. ... Second performance of "Everyman" in Moyses Hall at 8.30 p.m. ... Camera Club meets at 8 p.m. at the Pathological Institute. ... Arts and Crafts Exhibits to be collected at Redpath Museum between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Tomorrow: Radio Workshop general meeting in the Union Music Room at 2.30 p.m. ... Last day for collection of Arts and Crafts exhibits at Redpath Museum, till noon. ... Hillel sponsors Dance in the Union.

Sunday: Newman Club meeting at Sacred Heart Convent, 10 a.m. ... S.C.M.-I.V.C.F. Carol Service at 8 p.m. in Divinity Hall.

Coming: Daily Party, 8.30 p.m. in Union Grillroom on Monday. ... Military Training Parades end Tuesday. ... Cosmo Christmas Party on Tuesday, 9 p.m. in the Union Ballroom. ... Lectures stop Wednesday.



## I Can Remember

By John H. Cosgrove

I remember Christmas first in the city. At 3:15 in the morning I woke to the clop-clop of the milkman's horse, the clanging of the bottle; I could hear the spasmodic rhythm of the steam heat coming on in the radiator, the air in the pipes often causing a bang; Ralph, the janitor was up already, seeing we arose in a 70 degree temperature; and sometimes, with unusual luck, the gentle hiss of the falling snow flakes could be heard as they hit and melted against the window pane.

Then I lay awake until 6:45 when, in bathrobe and slippers, I coralled the family and we all made a ten second dash for the tree. Stockings always came first. I loved to think that I was always sure of the peppermint stick candy cane on top, then a present, usually a pencil box or gloves, a book or a comb; next a joke—like a lemon or a tin can, or a ring box with a penny in it. Then a bottle of germicide—ugh!—it always lasted just a year. Cold preventive. Then the "Old Farmer's Almanac" to predict the weather for the approaching New Year. Last, in the very toe, a juicy orange.

The other presents were then opened, and we always got a major gift and that was worn and shown with childish glee and pride, and the rest of the gifts left idle amongst their wrappings.

After a hurried breakfast it was church with Sunday school. We always dashed about madly out-doing the others in new things, but we were soon separated when called. The scriptures and lesson were read in a deep, resonant voice that sounded so terribly sincere. We were never too interested, but today—of all days! And last we happily pranced into choir and carol singing. Mostly I got choked up and had to blow my nose which usually resulted in a catastrophe due to my handkerchief being drenched with the new germicide which would burn my nose. Or often I would have to sneeze in the middle of a high note, getting frowns from Mrs. Rytinger!

Then after church, we raced back to the house, trying to beat the cars and arrived inside breathless and hot and very snowy. The relatives of both sides of the family had arrived and were arriving, to help partake of the luscious turkey dinner. When grandfather asked for blessing before dinner, I felt I had

so much to be thankful for. And after thanking, eating, sleeping, the holidays were spent sliding down snow banks and having snowball fights with the kids next door.

I next remember Christmas as that mad three week holiday from college. We had moved to Maine now—in the country. I was delighted to see my family and loved them all, but it was very difficult to find time for them because I had made five times as many engagements as I could possibly keep, providing I ate and slept at all.

I had a luncheon date at the Country Club. I had an engagement for ping-pong and a swim followed by a hair cut with Bob at three, and a supper date with Margie at six. Then we were off for a sleigh ride and dancing later. The Club sure kept me rolling.

My grand passion was and is dancing, and with as large a variety of girls as possible. If I could arrive at the Plaza with Margie and two of her friends, and persuade each one I would rather be with her, and then dance with Ted's girl, my stock was soaring.

I had to dash back to Boston the day after Christmas for an alumni formal Margie's school was giving. We danced and dined and danced until Eddie Duchin gave up. I met some old friends of mine when I used to live there, and we had a gay old time.

I returned to Maine and attended a ball at the local hotel for the Tuberculosis Fund and spent an evening at Fallon's place on the lake for skating and all that goes with it. My sister and I decided the day before New Years to have a New Year's Eve party and we gathered together a large group. And an evening with people walking in, eating our food, dancing to our music, drinking our liquor, and walking out with a "Happy New Year!" farewell resulted.

This was ritual for the three weeks, at the end of which, my parents—with more relief than regret, I am sorry to say—bade me good-bye at Union Square Station and I returned to school to recuperate.

I still like to think of Christmas as belonging to the children with gay Christmas trees and Santa Claus parades. I still hope they will celebrate it at home and at church, and later with dancing and music.

And— they will! 'Cause we are grown up now, to see that they do.

### Daily's Christmas Party

(Continued from Page Five.)

bits, one quarter of a (Canadian) dollar (no exchange allowed on American coins), or twenty-five cents, being allowed to be suspended from the Christmas tree, such materials might very well form adequate substitutes for the customary vegetables.

Of course the cast repose their complete confidence in their audience, especially inasmuch as a word from the Hag of Management will be enough to cancel all preparations made for the provision of vital supplies, both of food and drink as of music for dancing.

### McGill Receives Over \$30,000

(Continued from Page Five)

Prize in Anatomy \$25.00.  
James Richardson and Sons Limited—Grant in aid of research under the direction of Professor Nikolaczuk of Macdonald College \$350.00.

Registered Nurses Association of the Province of Quebec—Installation of Dominion Government Grant in aid of the School for Graduate Nurses, \$1,000.00.

Bnai Brith, Mount Royal Lodge—Donation to maintain Bnai Brith Bursaries for Session 1944-45, \$300.  
Estate Late Col. George R. Hooper—Further payment on account of legacy, \$6,700.00.

Anonymous donation for research work at the Allan Memorial Institute, \$5,000.00.

Anonymous gift of apparatus to the Department of Physiology, value \$700.00.

Mrs. Arthur Willey—Gift to the Redpath Library of books, maps and other material from the collection of the late Dr. Arthur Willey.

Bequest of the late Dr. Stephen Leacock (through his niece, Barbara Nimmo)—Gift to the Redpath Library of one hundred and seventy-three manuscripts of the work of the late Dr. Stephen Leacock.

McGill C.O.T.C.—Gift of fire doors for the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium Armoury.

The late Mary Beasley Ross—A legacy subject to the will and pleasure of her husband, Philip Dansken Ross.

The Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society—Donation to the Medical Society Library, \$500.00.

### Instruction Programme Projected

(Continued from Page Five)

**JUNE TO SEPTEMBER**  
Same courses excepting 1 + 1L.

**B.Sc. — PRE-MEDICAL COURSE**  
January to May

Chemistry 1.  
English 2.  
Mathematics 1.  
Physics 1.  
Zoology 1 B.

**June to September**  
Same courses excepting Chemistry 1 + 1L. — Botany 1A.

**B.COM. COURSE**  
January to May

Accounting 1.  
Mathematics 1.  
English 2.  
Economics 17 and one of:  
History 1.  
Chemistry 1.  
Physics 1.  
Zoology 1B.

**June to September**  
Same courses excepting:  
Chemistry 1-1L.  
Botany 1A.

Under certain circumstances depending upon length of service, type of service, previous educational record, and other considerations, credit may be granted for one full course excepting to students entering pre-Engineering.

Among those taking these courses there would be a number of men with a great deal of operational experience in Europe and North Africa. The plan has been warmly welcomed, stated these men who are anxious to start their rehabilitation as soon as possible and they are hopeful that the plan will go into effect.

### Alberta Reads Sask. Letter

(Continued from Page Five)

erected on the site of the present West Lab, across from Pembina

## Letter Forum

The Editor, McGill Daily,  
Sir,—With reference to the letter-to-the-editor appearing in the Daily of recent date entitled "Criticism of Hillel", we wish to point out that the Hillel Foundation at McGill University is a student organization that has been officially recognized by the Student Executive Council, and approved by the Senate.

Very truly yours,  
HAROLD D. ROSENBAUM,  
President, Hillel Foundation at McGill University.

### OUR READERS

#### VALUABLE COMMODITY

Dear Sir: It is with deep regret that I note the terrible misuse to which the columns of page two of the Daily are put, I refer to the "Political Comment" and "Letter Forum." Many students seem to think that because the only prerequisite for having something appear in print is that they submit their names, faculties and years they could rush off and hurl personal insults, insinuations and other products of faulty breeding against their fellow students.

Could not Morris Miller enclose his "contribution" to "Political Comment" in an envelope and mail it to Clive Gonzales? Why did Anthony Ward not make his observations at the meeting he discussed, instead of using the columns of the Daily to cast suspicion on the motives of those who had the guts to get up and talk? These personal attacks savour very much of the Shatan—Mahabir affair of a few years ago. Surely you will not allow the columns of our newspaper to be thus misused.

Could not a ruling be made whereby letters or articles submitted to the editor be rated as to their merits or demerits before they appear in print. In this way it might be possible to determine which letters or articles do not merit publication thereby saving your readers much time and temper. After all waste is sabotage, and paper is still a valuable commodity.

OBSERVER.

### LOCAL

#### NO AUTHORIZATION

Dear Sir,—Concerning the correspondence recently appearing in the Daily from R.V.C. and Douglas Hall, may we remind the readers that the writers have not been authorized to speak on behalf of Douglas Hall.

The childish method so far chosen to publicize the "incident", concerns only 5 residents of the Hall.

There is no justification whatsoever for dragging the name of the men's residence in such a trifling affair of petty grievance.

Sincerely,

F 22

### THE BRITISH

#### A STRANGE RACE

Sir,—In the Daily Issue of December 13, there appeared two letters in the Political Comment column entitled "Classic Joke" and

Hall. Plans for other campus buildings are also under way, and construction of these may begin in the fall of 1946.

Bob Buckley, president of Men's Athletics, reported on a recent M.A.A. meeting. Here it was decided to conduct inter-provincial basketball this year, and also to send a swimming team to Manitoba, to compete in a meet there. The possibilities of post-war athletics were also discussed; a new football field being one of the projects planned.

Council approved the committees named by the directors of the I.S.S. and Major War Services drives. The I.S.S. committee consists of Helen Plasteras, Mary Sterling, and Art Boorman, with Professor Stewart as faculty advisor. Members of the M.W.S. committee are Al Ross, who is also director of the drive, Les Nelson, and Bob Mackenzie. Dr. Hardy is the staff representative.

Plans for Color Night were started by an amendment to the Constitution stating that Color Night will be held the second Thursday in March, and a chairman is to be appointed by the Council not later than Dec. 15. It was decided that the secretary of the Council would write to Bruce MacKay informing him that he had been appointed chairman by the Council, and also recommending to him a committee to assist with arrangements. It is hoped that Color Night this year will be held in Athabaska Hall, as will several of the dances after Christmas.

The question of holding a dance in order to raise money for the War Services Drive had been discussed at the Senate meeting, and was reported upon by President Harper. This will be allowed provided the dance is held as an ordinary house dance, and the surplus proceeds will go to the War Drive. The University has agreed to purchase a new amplifier for the P.A. system, as the Council felt unable

"No Blinders". As is usual with most of these comments appearing in The Daily, they attacked what is called British Imperialistic Policy. I would like to offer my sincere sympathy to the writers of these letters. I too know what they suffer and are doomed to suffer in the future. They will be forced to go to college, as they have done in the past, against their will. They will be condemned to live their life in a country where free speech is permitted and voting by ballot is enforced. They will be doomed to live a free and full life, with little or no interference from anyone, so long as they do not rape, murder, or steal. And why must they endure all these hardships? Because it is their unfortunate lot to live in what is a part of the British Empire, and under the shadow of that strange and gruesome monster, the so-called British Imperialistic Policy.

The British are a strange race. They have been foolish enough to accept responsibilities and show an eager willingness to discharge them in the best manner possible. They have given sustenance and a livelihood to the despised, knowing full well that these despised would bite the hand of kindness with the same crazed ferocity as the hand of cruelty is bitten.

No one who attempts to do good to a fellowman can ever hope to escape criticism. But there is this to be said about the British. They have a tradition and history that has withstood the test of time and has been wrought by the blood of countless of their generations who never once faltered when the time came to face the common enemy and destroy the evils of ruthlessness and oppression.

There is no real need for the British people to attempt to defend themselves. Unwittingly they have defended themselves before the entire world during the many years of their existence. The dead of Dunkerque, the lost crews of the ships that lie rusting at the bottom of the seven seas, bombed homes, sorrowing families, tired, footsore men in the cruel jungles of Burma and the burning sands of North Africa have stood trial before the jury of the world, a jury far worthier than that of the trivial pages of an immature college daily, and they have most certainly cleared the British name of any lasting stain.

No man is perfect, no race able to survive the centuries without having its garments sullied by mud slung at it by those envious of a people who possess a noble bearing and a noble, generous way of life. Fortunately, all types of mud can be washed away with ensuing years and, more fortunately, those who sling this mud of unwarranted criticism are merely the bewildered, intolerant and irresponsible whose presence on this sphere must be tolerated for no better reason than the fact that we must be all things to all men, even to the beasts of the forest.

R. Douglas ARCHIBALD  
Eng. III.

Gill Gliding Club workshop and any of those interested in working over the holidays could do so by contacting the Technical Committee or any of the members of the Executive.

## Notices

### Lost

A red wallet, somewhere between the Bio Building and R.V.C. If found, please turn in at the Union Tuck shop.

### Notice

A meeting of executive and committee of the Debating Union will be held Monday afternoon at 5.15 p.m. in the Union.

It is important that all attend.

### Skier-Walters Wanted For The Holidays

A request has been received for two McGill students to wait on tables and wash dishes at a boarding house in Ste. Sauveur during the holidays. In exchange these students would receive their room and board for the holidays and would have plenty of time to ski. Those interested might get further information from Mrs. Tessier in the Union.

### Lost

A pair of Black Air Force Gloves in the Biology Building. Please place above with Fred Barton in the Engineering Building.

### Lost

Some material was left on The Daily notice-board for Fred Cleman some time last week. Will anyone knowing of its whereabouts please call Fred Cleman at EX 1522.

### Harold Coletta Addresses Club

(Continued from Page Five)

will discuss the general field and particular aspects of his work.

December's "Photo-of-the-Month" will be chosen. The subject for the month is "Campus Life", however prints on any subject may be submitted. No more than four prints may be entered by any one member. Prints may be reentered in succeeding months. The winning photograph is placed in the foyer of the Redpath Library. Only members of the Camera Club are eligible for the competition.

The darkroom problem will again be brought up. For this reason the executive requests all members to attend so that the matter may be thoroughly discussed.

The Pathological Institute is situated on the north-east corner of University Street and Pine Avenue. The door will be opened at 8 p.m. sharp to admit the group. Latecomers will have to be admitted individually as this building is usually closed in the evenings.

### Ottawa Students Do Char Duty

(Continued from Page Five)

charwoman and get the same rate of pay per hour cleaning recreation rooms and dusting halls.



Our New

## FALL FELTS

are highly in favor among well-groomed men. Well made, neatly finished, they feature all the newest fads in styles and colors... and above all they give real wear. Drop in at one of our stores and try one on.

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### God's Beautiful

I thank Thee for the beauties Lord upon this great wide earth.

How glorious the stars at night. The winding path upon a hill. The ponds and brooks, the birds in flight.

The sky at eve when all is still! So many things are beautiful And thousands more can we unfold

As mind and talent, to the full, Sciences and arts will mold. We never need to look beyond the spot we're in to see great worth.

I thank Thee even more for beauties born through life with Thee.

Thy Word becomes aglow with light, Great love, for all, our hearts does fill,

Blind eyes and minds take on new sight And glowing faith our fears can still.

So many things are wonderful! We love again the things grown old, With thankfulness our hearts are full

And human ties far sweeter hold. The commonplace is wondrous Lord when we our lives entrust to Thee!

Myrtle I. Macdonald

All money students receive for this is being paid into a Students Council fund which is using it to buy improvements. Already, of \$135 collected, a public address system had been purchased which has been used at college functions. It has also been used to play music on the skating rinks.

### Arts and Crafts Exhibits Must Be Collected Today

It was announced last night, that today and tomorrow are the last two days for the collection of Arts and Crafts exhibits, contributed to the Exhibition held here recently. Contributions can be collected today between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. from Miss Johannsen at the Redpath Museum, and tomorrow any time before noon. Failing this, it was announced, contestants will have to wait till after the holidays, before being able to secure their entries.

### Women's Canadian Club To Hear Elliott on Ceylon

"Ceylon—Wondrous Isle in the Sapphire Sea", a lecture to be delivered by Charles Brooke Elliott, K.C. on Wednesday Dec. 27, at a meeting of the Women's Canadian Club, in the Windsor Hotel Ballroom will be illustrated by colored motion pictures.

Arranged as "a special Christmas holiday meeting in order

that members may bring young people", according to the announcement of the lecture, it will begin at 2:30 p.m. and will be followed by tea.

The guest speaker, Mr. Elliott was born in Ceylon, educated in

England, and has travelled widely in Europe and the East. Guest-tickets for the lecture may be obtained by telephoning or calling at the office of the Women's Canadian Club in the Windsor Hotel.

## DRAKE'S

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## ANNUAL, 1944

The following students have not collected their copies of "Old McGill 1944". Please call at the Secretary's Office, 690 Sherbrooke Street West.

### B.A. I.

Bang, Elizabeth S.  
Stewart, Orian E.  
Walsh, Mary D. A.

### B.A. II.

Campbell, Janet M.  
Finestone, Lillian E.  
Freeman, Margaret L.  
Jones, Eleanor P.  
Shine, Tamar M.

### B.A. III.

Berger, Mitzi  
Cecil, Joanne

### B.Sc. I.

Farquhar, Sara M. B.  
Hall, E. Barbara  
Hancey, Noreen  
Kinzer, Helen  
Nassar, Claire  
Ower, Dorothy M.  
Pangman, Jocelyn  
Timmins, Julia E.

### B.Sc. II.

Louis, Ruth  
Shiptalo, Nellie

### B.A. III.

Winter, Frederick E.

### B.Sc. I

Bequillard, Alf  
Ingraham, Robert B.  
Kerr, Robert H.  
Laurie, Garvin G.  
Musgrove, Stuart S.  
Roberts, Lawrence M.  
Rutherford, John A.

### B.Sc. II.

Kangies, Harry N.

### B.Sc. IV.

Palmer, Walter M.  
Poapst, Peter A.

### Commerce I.

Moore, John A.

### Commerce II.

Lazure, Marc A.

### Medicine I

Shelanski, Morris V.

### Medicine II. and III.

Crawford, Thomas L.

### Medicine IV.

Pearman, Robert W.  
Tyhurst, James S.  
Watanabe, Satoru  
Lloyd-Smith, Walter C.  
Morton, Allan C.  
Shapiro, Bernard J.  
Thomas, Robert C.

### Dentistry II.

Cutler, Earl James  
Small, Melvin Herbert

### Law III.

Bessette, Andre  
Godbout, D. Maurice

### Engineering I.

Clarke, John

### Engineering III.

Bent, Ronald F.  
Odze, Walter Karl

### Engineering IV

Caron, Maurice Charles  
McGras, Marcel  
McKinnon, Wm. H.  
Matheson, H. Walter  
Rea, R. G.

### Architecture II.

Girard, Maurice

### The School of Nursing

Hewson, M.

McCauley, H. M.

Toner, Emily

### Summer School List.

Men

Hambrock, L. R.

Kolb, R. W.



# RED PUCKSTERS OPPOSE MIDDIES MONDAY

## Can Capture Runner-up Position by Victory In Important Fixture

### Team Showed Improved Form Against Soldiers Wednesday

On Monday night the Redmen meet the Navy pucksters at eight o'clock at the Forum. With the boys carrying on at their present rate they are very likely to beat the sailors, who, in their last game, bowed before the Air Force squad and who were also beaten by the Army several weeks ago. With rivalry mounting high in the circuit, these games will be hard-fought and evenly contested throughout the season.

There was a large crowd out at the game on Wednesday and no one went away disappointed. The McGill game was a thriller throughout, both teams playing the fast, crowd-pleasing type of hockey which has the stands packed with raving enthusiasts. Monday night's game ought to be of the same type; both teams are out for victories and both are evenly matched.

#### CHANGED TEAM

It was a changed hockey team which stepped on to the ice to hold the powerful Army sextet to a five-all tie in the opener at the Forum on Wednesday night. The McGill squad came out and fought the soldiers through the whole game, holding a commanding lead up to the last period. The Redmen showed their ability to come through in the last period clinches, when Tommy Hale scored the equalizer within ten seconds from the end of play.

The addition of Tommy Hale to the team really made a great difference both to the play and to the spirit of the McGill boys. Playing on a line with his brother George and Bonno Pitfield, Tommy scored three of the McGill goals in as colourful a comeback as any we have seen. This line played consistently well all through the game, both defensively and offensively.

#### Smart Playing

Another feature of the game was the smart playing of the second line, Costigan, Gagnon and Gallant, all of whom fought hard throughout and added a great deal of punch to the team.

Right through the tilt Tony Dobell played an outstanding game, kicking out shots from all angles. Bob Brodick and Bruce Ward turned in their usual steady performance on the defence, while Walt Mingle played exceptionally well when either of these two stalwarts was off the ice.

## Table Tennis Play Continues Today

### Tourney Dark Horses Discovered; Brecher Overwhelms Opponent

The men's table tennis tournament got under way this week and so far all but seven first round matches have been completed. As was expected, the games have produced some interesting results and a few tourney dark horses have been discovered, notable among these being S. Lee, who defeated S. Winthrop 21-12, 21-12, 21-6, and O. Scott, who downed M. Smith in three straight games, 21-12, 21-15, 21-9. Fourth-seeded Mike Brecher showed why he is one of the tourney favourites as he trounced H. Well in two games 21-3 and 21-6.

#### First Round

Other first round winners were N. Wolfe, who ousted C. Shatner without the loss of a game, while S. Markel downed J. Charlton and R. Lee defeated J. Hayes. An interesting feature of the tourney is the fact that every match that has been played thus far has been decided in straight games, which probably means that the future rounds will be hotly contested.

Manager Lapides wishes to inform all "delinquents" who have not yet played that the deadline is Saturday. Players' phone numbers are listed on the draw sheet so there is no reason why these games should not be played. Following is the list of matches still to be decided: L. McDermot vs. L. Wolofsky, R. Barnard vs. C. Millar, R. Gendron vs. D. Logan, A. Amsel vs. A. Portigal, J. MacCavour vs. J. Bennett, E. Rossy vs. D. MacKinnon, and S. Hornstein vs. R. Paull.

## Playoffs Near In Interfaculty Cage Schedule

### Arts-Science 2 "A", Eng 1 "A", Commerce Lead Their Sections

With the first few weeks of interfaculty basketball run off we are able to see how the teams are shaping up in their various sections. Leading section "A" is the Engineering 1 "A" quintet with three victories, in Section 2 the Commerce team is in front, Arts-Science 2 "A" are ahead in section 3 and section 4 is tied between Medicine 2 and Engineering 3.

Of these five teams the Engineering 1 "A" and the Arts-Science 2 "A" squads seem to be the two to watch; neither have lost a game and both seem to be improving greatly as the season is proceeding. After the Christmas lay-off the first two teams in each section are to play off for the championship, along with the second team from Macdonald College.

#### Good Basketball

This arrangement seems likely to produce some pretty exciting games between the various teams. The brand of basketball played so far has been of a rather rugged variety, but nevertheless pleasing to watch. As time goes on the brand will be considerably improved with these forthcoming play-offs showing some good playing.

The schedule for this afternoon is as follows:

5:15—Engineering 3 vs. Grads. Referee: Proctor. Commerce vs. Engineering 2. Referee: Turcot. 6:00—Arts-Science 1 "A" vs. Arts-Science 2 "B". Referee: Shiller. Arts-Science 1 "B" vs. Engineering 1 "B". Referee: Turcot.

## Hockey Schedule Resumes Monday

### Law-Grads Face Eng In Forum Ice Tilt; Both Teams Strong

Another Inter-Faculty Hockey game is to be played next Monday at the Forum at 12:30 when the Engineers tackle the Law-Grads in the first game of the year for either of these two teams. The first game was played on Wednesday when the Arts-Science squad went down to defeat before a strong Commerce team.

The tilt on Wednesday was a fast and rough type of Hockey during which the Commerce boys slipped seven goals past the Arts-Science goalies, whose sole claim to glory is that he tripped hard. George Springer and Jon Ballon sparked the Arts-Science team in many rushes, but they were unable to get the puck past Bob Cockfield in the Commerce nets. Bob McBoyle and Rouleau led the Commerce team, both of whom are fast and shifty forwards.

#### Line-ups

The line-ups for Monday's game have been announced. For the Engineers Hendershott and McEachern are alternating in goals, on the defence are Kunigskis, Chalkin and Reid, and the forwards are Grant, Knight, Rodgers, Dentister, Diard, Feldsted, Weekes, Dalgneault, Tessier, Walsh, Odell and Hobson. A goodly number of last year's interfaculty players are included in this team and Scotty Grant played for the Senior squad a winter ago.

Playing for the Law-Grads are Beauregard, who is in goals, Ferguson on the defence and Rouleau, Hamens, Gagne, Shacter and Kislenko on the forward lines.

## Off-Season Highlights

By Stan Guttman

The hot-stove league is "on the bit" as ever, according to the "Spink's" "Sporting News," otherwise known as the baseball newspaper of the world. The long-awaited return of many stars from the services, player "swaps" and the ever-changing scene of managers are all contributing to the constant fire of news for the off-season activities.

#### STARS RETURN

Leading the list of discharged vets is Alton Benton, former ace curveball artist for the Detroit Tigers from the years 1938-1942, inclusive. Benton was the chief reason for the Tigers' successful pennant drive in 1940. The Detroit fans' moan of last year, "give us another pitcher and we'll sweep the pennant," when they failed to nose out the St. Louis Browns, should be more than adequately taken care of when Benton teams up with the reliable, "Dizzy" Trout and big Hal Newhouser. The motor-city squad also received another windfall when another of their former pitchers Leslie Mueller also sent notice of his release from the armed forces. Mueller is more of an unknown quantity, however, as he has not had extensive major league experience. If he proves to be an asset, Briggs Stadium is almost certain to be in the running for the fall classic.

#### RETURN OF McKECHNIE

The Cincinnati Reds, or more commonly known as the managers graveyard, due to the countless change of managerial faces the team has been subjected to ever since its inception, has pulled the unbelievable. Yes, they've actually announced the re-signing of Bill McKechnie for the long-term period of two years. And that's not all. Coupled with this is the fact that Deacon Bill has already served the Reds for no less than seven full years. This amazing record is not only an overwhelming majority over his predecessors from the point of view of time, but probably outdistances most of them by at least seven times. There was a time in Cincinnati when the flow of managers was almost as common as players, and the loud-speaking system would not only relate the players for the day but the manager too.

#### PECK AND GRAY TO MAJORS

Remember Hal Peck, whom Brooklyn was supposed to secure for our Royals several years back, when there was a dirth of material around these parts in the outfield? Old Connie Mack has been fortunate enough to acquire Hal's services

In a deal which sends five players to Milwaukee in exchange for him and catcher Jimmy Puerett. Outfielder Lew Flick, who was well known last year with Newark of the International League, when he was Philadelphia property, was one of those named by Mack to go to the Brewers in the deal.

Pete Gray, baseball's one armed wiz, is slated for a regular position with the St. Louis Browns. Gray amazed everyone around here with his uncanny accuracy both in throwing and hitting in spite of his handicap, when he played with Three Rivers in the Provincial League only a few years back. He has travelled around the Minors for years, starting wherever he went, yet no Big-League club wanted to take a chance on him until the Browns this year.

#### Thompson as Pelican Manager

Fresco Thompson, who was one of Delorimer Downs favourites in the good old pennant winning days, has been reappointed as manager of the New Orleans Pelicans for the 1945 season. Royal fans still delight to the 375 spot, which Fresco used to indulge in with regularity on the pennant winner of 1935. He stayed here for one full year as Royal's manager (quite out of the ordinary for this team), and then went on to the Southern Association with the Pels.

#### HIGHLIGHTS

Around the bases... Harry Davis, popular first baseman of the Toronto Maple Leafs for the past two seasons, has been selected as the new pilot to replace baseball's ace "tobacco grinder," Burleigh Grimes... Mel Ott hopes to improve his batting eye next year by the addition of eye glasses under doctor's orders... Jeff Heath, former star Cleveland outfielder until hampered with a severe knee condition, has had a loose cartilage taken out in a recent operation, and is expected to report in his old form by the time the training schedule rolls around... Joe Dimaggio was recently discharged from the hospital after a lengthy treatment for his ulcer condition of the stomach. Joe denied, however, that he was expecting a discharge, but reiterated his hope of returning to the game when the war is over... S. Sgt. Burgess Whitehead, former of the St. Louis Cardinals, New York Giants and Pittsburgh is now a combination trainer and equipment manager for the Second Air Force's football players... Pitchers Tom Hughes of the Phillies and Steve Sundra of the Browns are in the athletic department at Camp Patrick Henry in Virginia.

## Wax and Tracks By Martlet

Now that the snow is here to stay (we hope) we are all looking forward to the coming ski races and ski tours.

The Women's Ski Club expects to be well represented in all these events this winter. As some of you may know the McGill Ski Team captured the Women's Inter-City Ski Championships in 1940 but we have not shone particularly since then. Unfortunately this specific race is no longer held. However, we are hoping that as soon as it is resumed McGill women skiers will again come to the fore.

There are no team events planned for this winter but individuals participating in Zone events will be able to qualify for their "M" providing they enter at least fifty percent of the Zone Races as well as the Inter-Section Race to be held at the end of February. However the Inter-Section Race may be substituted for by two Zone events.

#### Refresher Course

A number of the co-eds attended the Ski Patrol Refresher Course last week and if all goes well they will become members of that patrol this season. Don't forget to buy your First Aid button and support this worthy cause. Who knows you may have an accident and rumour has it that if after digging you up the ski patrol discovers you are not wearing your badge he will rebury you. It may not come to this but the ski patrol together with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade have

## Eng. 11 Trims Grads' Team For Gunn Cup

### Finals Completed In Softball Play; Read in Star Role

The Engineering 2 softball team won the Gunn Cup yesterday afternoon with a twenty-nine to seventeen victory over the favoured Grads. The Plumbers got away to an early lead when they had the right end of a twenty-one or two score at the finish of the second inning, an edge the Grads could not overcome.

There were two outstanding players in yesterday's game, Presly Read and Allan Knight, both of the Engineering team. Read pitched a wonderful game for his side and, to make things safe, also hit a home-run. Knight played consistently well through all seven innings of the game, as short-stop.

During the tilt Krashinsky dislocated his finger and had to be replaced by Choren. No other injuries were sustained in the game.

#### Gunn Cup

The coveted Gunn Cup now goes to the second year Engineering team after a highly successful season. This trophy was donated in 1897 and will be presented in January at the next Athletics Festival.

Playing for the championship team were Morowitz, Rabin, Knight, Read, Kunigskis, Leflamme, Krashinsky, Tamara, Scarabelli and Choren. Members of the running-up team were McLean, Pepper, Stewart, Gogek, Grassie, Ritchie, Barry, Moir and Dixon.

## Combined Fencing Clubs To Meet Musketeers

On Tuesday evening, December 19th, members of the two Fencing Clubs will meet at R.V.C.'s lower gym at 7:30 p.m. They will then proceed, under the leadership of coach George Tully, to Cherrier Street to test the mettle of their foils against

those of the Musketeers Club. A combined practice will be held in the B.W.F. Room of the gym on Pine Avenue on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. as usual, and also on Monday, December 18th, at 5:15 p.m. at the same place. All fencers are urged to turn out at these practices and those taking part in the match on Tuesday evening will be issued, with the necessary equipment.

## SAMOUAR

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**IN ANCIENT TIMES**

The first piece of footwear ever used by man was made from rawhide, turned up at the edges, and bound to his foot by a strap. Later on, a sole made of wood or cork was added. In this crude makeshift, we have the origin of the sandal of ancient times.



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**SLATER**

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The Slater Shoe

## Captain for a Day



*Christmas in the Navy*

A fine old tradition maintains in the Navy. On Christmas morning the youngest seaman aboard is called to the Captain's cabin. There he is given the Captain's uniform and other insignia of rank and is told to carry on as "Captain for the Day". He has the run of the ship, commands the crew which, entering into the spirit of the custom, obeys him with alacrity and gives him all the honour due his temporary rank.

**MOLSON'S BREWERY LIMITED**

...SEND DITTY BAGS TO THE BOYS AT SEA



## Martha and God

Continued from Page One

The neighbor looked disapproval from a pair of china-blue eyes. "Eileen."

"Mine's Martha. This is my first time at Sunday-school."

"I've got three gold stars... it's for coming three years without missing a Sunday!"

Martha swallowed. She looked squarely at Eileen—shining pink face, stiff straw hat, immaculate shoes and stockings. Belatedly, she felt a guilty sense of her own shortcomings and fell silent.

Suddenly a tall, heavy-boned woman appeared and took a seat in the circle. Martha stared. She had a heavy, sullen face with thick, black brows almost meeting across her forehead. Her hair was black and coarse; it grew low on her brow and descended in little beads at the entrance to her ears. The longer Martha looked, the more terrified and fascinating she grew. There was even a faint but discernible moustache on Miss Smith's upper lip.

"Now, girls! Quiet! Attention!" said Miss Smith, briskly. "I have to-day's lesson here. Will you pass around the pictures, Eileen? Oh—are you the new pupil—what's your name?"

Martha said something inaudible.

"Mary? That's fine, Mary. Now, you pay attention and you'll soon pick up the work. Everybody got a card? All right... Quiet, everybody! Now—let's all look at the picture."

Martha regarded her picture obediently. In four garish colours, it depicted a man—a tall, emaciated man, wearing a loose white robe and a spiked yellow halo. Some smaller figures, also in vari-coloured robes, stood nearby. A look of hopeless melancholy was on all the faces, especially that of the central figure. Martha decided that he must be sick—probably just out of the hospital and still wearing his hospital nightgown.

"Now, girls," said Miss Smith, "who is the tall man in the centre of the picture?"

All the hands but Martha's went up at once.

"Yes, Eileen?"

"That's the Son of God."

"Correct. Very good."

"No, it isn't," objected Martha.

Miss Smith's brows drew together in a fearful scowl, but Martha pressed on.

"That's not what God looks like at all," she protested, eagerly. "He's a big strong young man with curly gold hair and runs better than anybody. You can see his muscles move."

A dreadful silence fell while Miss Smith struggled for words. Martha settled back in her chair confidently. Hadn't she seen the Son of God with her own eyes one day on the beach? He had passed by in blue swimming trunks: tall, with fair hair and laughing; and her own father had said—"Young God... eh, Ruth?"

Miss Smith's hat was trembling with indignation.

"Here—you—Mary! Stand up!"

"My name—my name's Martha," she ventured but Miss Smith swept on.

"Little Girl... that's a terrible way to talk. It's... it's blasphemy! Why, I've never heard such a thing in my life!"

The other pupils looked at Martha with timid, innocent eyes, full of horror. There was considerable stirring and tittering which inflamed Miss Smith still further. The superintendent was looking at her class in surprise. Miss Smith's class was usually the best behaved in the room. She tried to control her voice but it had a tendency to get shrill.

"Now, see here, Mary. Don't ever let me hear you speak of—Jesus—in that way, again. It's shocking! It's certainly true you came to Sunday-school. Sit down now and don't let me hear another word out of you to-day. Quiet, girls! Allison, you may tell us what is happening in the picture..."

Martha squeezed down on her chair, trying to make herself as small as possible. She was desperately unhappy. For a moment, the roomful of children and Miss Smith's dark face wavered in tears but Martha swallowed them down stubbornly. A bitter sense of injustice made her underlip go out and drew her eye-lids down to hide her eyes. Had THEY ever seen the Son of God? No! Then—what did THEY know about it?

The superintendent had come out into the middle of the room and the babel of noise was still.

"Children, let us all kneel and say the Lord's prayer together."

Everyone got off his chair and knelt facing it, with elbows on the seat. In the confusion, no two voices started the recitation at exactly the same time and the noise was tremendous. Martha knelt with her eyes tightly closed, hands against her face. Once she opened them slightly to take in the superintendent—a thin, elongated man with a habit of swaying back and forth on his long feet as he prayed, until Martha was sure he would fall either one way or the other with a crash.

By turning her head a little, she could see Eileen's neat little person, with its head bowed, eyes closed and feet together. There was a strip of unprotected pink flesh between her starched dress and white stockings. An irresistible urge, an awful resolve entered Martha's mind and hesitated there, trembling. Once it was done, she would be a branded criminal—an outcast. She would be sent home from Sunday-school in disgrace and be forbidden ever to return. She would never have to worry about religion again... and she leaned forward a little, with a smile. But, all at once, Martha's eyes met Miss Smith's—large, dark and forbidding. At once she sank back on her heels again, her heart heavy.

The hour dragged on. After what seemed an eternity, a bell rang and the classes broke up. All the neat little girls stood around in groups, talking, but Martha fled openly from the haunts of the blessed.

Out in the blinding sunlight, she dragged feet as heavy as lead along the pavement. Her shoulders drooped under an invisible burden. She looked into a bottomless well of misery. She would have to go back next week, and the next, and the next! Miss Smith would cry, "It's blasphemy!" The girls would stare and giggle. The superintendent would hurry over and exclaim, "Shame on you, Mary!"

She was nearly home when she remembered the gloves and stopped to put them on.

As she put a hand into her pocket, the fingers closed around a smooth, round object: the blue glass marble. A thrill of joy went to the toes of Martha's dusty shoes. All at once, she was happy again. A beautiful blue marble! Sunday-school was a dream... and a week was very far away.

## Christmas in Alcove H.

Continued from Page One

agony. Then she realized he was bound up. "What have those nasty boys done to you?" cried the librarian. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! Now stay still while I untie you."

Then, still cooling, she untied him (very slowly), and finished by standing expectantly under the mistletoe. Homer felt he had to reward the poor thing, so he gave her a quick peck on the cheek, whereupon Jeremy, passionately jealous, threw down the Census, mistletoe and all on their heads. The poor little woman fell, and Homer, leaving her to fate, ran out to keep his date with Tiddy Lizzy.

The Christmas Hop had begun. Lizzy, looking lovelier than ever, in a stark black dress she had borrowed from her grandmother, and wearing her red hair up one side, and straight down the other, was feeding cookies to Homer (on the theory that the more cookies a man eats, the less he is able to run away). Suddenly, oh woe! In stalked Conover and Kettering, obviously looking for him. Homer grabbed Lizzy and ran to hide behind the curtains. "Homer," she cried, "have you been taking vitamin pills?" "Shhhh!" They stood there about five minutes, and then Lizzy got bored. "I want to dance," "Shhhh!" went Homer. "If I want to dance, this is Sadie Hawkins, see." "Shhhh!" "I will not shhhh!" Homer put his hand over her mouth, she protested, he grabbed the curtain, she pushed, he pulled, and down went the curtain, and the two with it.

The room was plunged into horrified silence.

Then Conover recognized his pal, rushed to him, and picked him up. Kettering grabbed him by the head, Conover by the feet, and he was carried out among the manifold sighs of the feminine audience, and the contented growls of the males. Then the three wound their way to the Co-operative beer-cellar of the Union, where they drowned their sorrow in gallons of Bonanza Hou-La.

But the strangest thing in that strange evening happened when Romeo L'Etourelle, the great Lothario, came over and joined them in

the stag celebration. They were surprised to see him, and he told them that his trick with the two Paternity pins had failed: both Flamingo Reyes and Amelia Purlbottom had abandoned him.

"Merry Xmas," cried Romeo, with a tear in his eye and a catch in his voice. "Merry Xmas," replied the other three. Whereupon they drank Hou-La until 4.30 the next morning, that is, all except Conover, who was reading Economics, and whose stomach was too weak for alcoholic beverages anyhow.

## Then There Was Christmas

Continued from Page One

Then came the rest of the presents. These you opened slowly, one by one, shaking each first, turning each over and trying to see the tissue paper to guess what was inside. Which was silly in a way, for you were disappointed if you were able to guess at all, and even more disappointed if you guessed right!

Daddy was always next up. He got mother's breakfast and served it to her in bed, while you dashed in to show her what you had received for Christmas just as if she didn't already know. Then you went to the bottom of your doll's trunk and found the gift you had bought for her. You insisted that she open it immediately, plunking yourself on the bed and spilling her tea onto the tray. Mother would always say "You shouldn't have bothered getting me anything," and that hurt a little, so you dashed back to the parlor, gathered up the boys' presents, tramped exuberantly into their room and tumbled packages all over them.

"Wake up, it's Christmas," you shouted. "Merry Christmas, Big Boy. Merry Christmas, Jackie."

Big Boy answered in a bored, sleepy voice without turning around: "Ah, merry Christmas, kid."

"Come on, open your presents I wanna see what you got." You shook his shoulders and started tugging at the bed clothes.

"Oh, we know what we got," says Big Boy. "Ties and slippers, shirts and gloves. That's what we always get."

"Yeah," echoes Jackie. "Ties and slippers, shirts and gloves... and maybe handkerchiefs."

"But you don't know until you open them," you insisted, feeling proud that this year you had bought them scarves.

For daddy—well, daddy always got the same things. Tobacco and cigarettes from everybody. It was remarkable how Christmas after Christmas, he would open his square-boxed tobacco and flat-boxed cigarettes and always managed to look so surprised that anyone would think tobacco and cigarettes just the most original gifts he had ever received.

Christmas dinner was a stately affair because we ate in the dining room, and not in the big kitchen as was the habit all the rest of the year. That is, of course, all the rest of the year, except on Easter and birthdays and New Year's which mother said "only come once a year."

You were always asked to set the table and it was fun to take out the good silverware, the stuff mother had got as a wedding present, and the good dinner set and the best linen cloth. Then, too, the nut-cracker had to be found, for daddy liked to crack hazel-nuts after the pudding was served. And the candles and cookies and wine looked so good when you put them on the table.

Cranberry sauce was always the specially Christmas dish.

It had an interesting history in our house. For one Christmas, Big Boy refused to eat it.

"It has seeds in it," he said, "gives you 'pendicilis'."

You ate it just the same, of course, and so did Jackie although it was noticeable that he didn't eat as much as usual.

Daddy, on the other hand, ate a great deal. He didn't believe in 'pendicilis'.

After dinner you had to go down the street... and see Madeleine's presents, then bring her up to show her yours. It was a very solemn occasion as each gift was examined carefully and, of course, you said nice things about her presents... even if you did think her parents had queer taste.

In the evening visitors always came in for wine and cherry cake and talk. You were allowed to stay up late because when mother told you meaningfully that it was Christmas. So you showed the visitors your presents, and you asked the French-Canadian friends from next door how they could possibly wait until New Year's for their Christmas.

And when at last mother just made you go to bed, you felt rather dizzy from the whole day. But you couldn't sleep immediately. You wanted to think about the day again, and about your presents. And you felt a little bit sad that it was over and you couldn't look forward to Christmas anymore. You felt there was something uncharmingly definite about knowing everything, about not being able to hope and to guess any longer.

Oh, well, there were still the new skates that had to be tried out tomorrow. Christmas wasn't completely over, after all.

## Yesterday and Today

Continued from Page One

She recounted how I had come to be here... that I was unconscious for six days... that I had to be fed nasally. In this manner, a deep affection developed between us. Truthfully said, I loved her as much as my own mother. For actually what is a mother but your best friend?

Nine weeks went by and then another internal hemorrhage. Miss Evans gave her blood again, and saved my life. Thus through her kindness, devotion and true humanitarian ideals I am on my feet today.

You ask what I've been doing all these past twenty years Miss Evans? Well, after my discharge from the hospital, we went to live in Boston. My father worked in an agency for arranging trips abroad. When the crash came in '29 we moved to Baltimore. Entered Johns Hopkins in '31 and graduated in '37 with my M.D. Interned for a year under the heart specialist, Dr. Kendall at the Mayo Clinic. Then I travelled to Vienna and studied heart diseases for three years. It was a tough grind. My parents died while I was there, and I was left on my own. Some girl helped me out financially and I managed to pull through.

No, I'm not married. I suppose it's only fair to tell you about this girl, since you told me all about your love affairs when I was sick.

I met her in the hospital. She used to do the electrocardiographs. I asked her out one evening to a cafe and found much to my surprise and dismay that she'd brought her own bread along. Obviously she understood I skimped and wanted to help me out. From that moment on I liked her. She came up to my little attic room to wash clothes and clean the place. When possible she cooked my meals. We were happy together for we both understood each other.

In '41 I was forced to leave Vienna. But the Nazis wouldn't let her come with me... she's still there. After the war I'll go back and get her.

You don't look bad, Miss Evans. Nothing to worry about. A good night's rest and tomorrow I'll perform the operation at ten in the morning. Coronary thrombosis and decompensation is a pretty stiff bit of surgery, but we'll pull you through.

Then out you go to the country for a six months rest and you'll be like new.

I told you I'd be back to see you again, Miss Evans... I told you.

## Political Comment

Continued from Page Four

naturally, since he would rather have political do-nothings like Pierlot or Fascists like Tchoffer (he has a "good war record" says my compatriot Waelbroeck).

It is thus easy to see that far from making mistakes, the Big Three are really carrying out the pattern of Teheran to preserve such a kind of law and order and "free elections" (vote "Ja" and you are a good friend, vote "nein" and you are a bandit) that their imperialist economic interests will not suffer in the least but will even grow stronger.

These aspects of this conflict interest me especially:

- 1) In the Spanish Civil War, the Western "democracies" could afford "non-intervention" since the Fascist Axis was successfully intervening for them. Now the Axis is no longer here to intervene. But this is an illegal armed party, not a government, that we are fighting in Greece, shouts Mr. Churchill. Where then was the British Government and ruling class when the private army attacked the legally-elected government of Spain? Now the aims of the Spanish People's Government and the Belgian and Greek People's Movements are almost identical. The pattern behind the actions of the British Government is now evidently one of fighting real democracy if "legal" or "illegal".
- 2) U.S. government agreed to

## McGILL U.N.T.D.

WEEKLY ORDERS (9)

- (1) PARADES  
Monday, Dec. 18th 1900-2000 McGill Gymnasium  
Monday, Jan. 8/45 1900-2200 McGill Gymnasium
- (2) RIG OF THE DAY  
No. 2's—Greatcoats, blue caps and lanyards. Anything other than blue woollen scarves and gloves will not be worn by McGill U.N.T.D.
- (3) Weekly Orders from today will appear only in McGill Daily, the Biological Bldg. and on the notice board of the U.N.T.D. Office at the Gymnasium.
- (4) U.N.T.D. will parade on Monday, Jan. 8th, 1945, at 1900 as shown above. The last parade for the year will be on Monday, December 18th.
- (5) The following is a list of permanent duties which is held in U.N.T.D. Office.  
(a) GUNNER'S MATE  
Monday—Chaikin A. Sto. II/c  
Wednesday—Sinclair A.C. O/S  
(b) DIVISIONAL OFFICERS AND PETTY OFFICERS  
Currie Division  
Monday—Sugget; Sinclair (Henry)  
Wednesday—Henry; Chaikin (Spencer)  
Adams Division  
Monday—Krashinsky; Allen (Banks)  
Wednesday—McCord; Banks (Huza)  
Leacock Division  
Monday and Wednesday—Bonnet; Crawford (Hulbert)  
Dawson Division  
Monday and Wednesday—Morgan; Shaughnessy (Murray)
- (c) Right Hand Markers  
Currie Division—Oliver; Leacock Division—Carlisle  
Adams Division—Thomson; Dawson Division—McCaule
- (6) ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT SECOND YEAR STOKERS WILL PARADE WITH CURRIE DIVISION.
- (7) The following will report to U.N.T.D. Office at 1845 on Monday, December 18th.  
Chaikin, Sugget, Sinclair, Henry, Spencer, Krashinsky, Allen.
- (8) The U.N.T.D. Fund Committee will meet Lieutenant Commander V. C. Wynne-Edwards at 1700 on Monday, December 18th in Room 212, Biological Building.

British policy in Greece and can now safely increase her own prestige by giving the British Government a slap in the face. Therefore U.S. speaks in favour of European self-determination.

3) The complete degeneration of the British Labor Party to a point where it is even more imperialist than the Tories and stands solidly behind a "spheres of influence" policy.

4) Soviet Union withdrew all Russian Communists from Greek territory when British landed and now she says nothing on the tangled situation of Europe—except in Poland, Rumania, etc.—her sphere of influence. Thus "Communist" Russian (now no longer Communist say Eric Johnson, Rick-enbacker, Donald Nelson; never was Communist says William Gallagher, Communist M.P. in Britain) is just as much for a return to secret diplomacy and capitalism in Europe as is any one else of the Big Allies.

5) The radio reports on "Allied" progress in Athens. Since the average radio listener is conditioned to think in his mind when he hears the word "Allied" that "Allied" means "good", therefore fighting against "Allied" forces must be "bad". This is one mechanism very subtle of making those ordinary people who are some little bit uncertain on "Allied" policy in Europe stay in the line and "have confidence" in Churchill and Roosevelt.

The above is all drawn in very broad lines because hours could be spent discussing it, but to the man who thinks the picture is clear.

## Undergrad Journalism

Continued from Page Two

every two weeks since that date. The latest venture in undergraduate journalism at McGill is in an entirely new field, that of humour. Early in the present session a group of students under the leadership of Louis Dowling, Com. '28, thoroughly investigated the possibilities of presenting a humorous publication to the McGill undergraduate. Finding that they could get sufficient backing they organized a board of editors with Louis Dowling first Editor-in-Chief. The introductory number of The McGill Martlet was presented by the editors for the approval of their fellow students on February 28 and was accepted with enthusiasm. And here we must leave the Martlet; it has no history, only a future. Let us hope it continues as auspiciously as it started.

With the first issue of The McGill Martlet we must close this history of Undergraduate Journalism at McGill. In all McGill students have published nine periodicals of which only four are in existence now. The remaining five either passed out

All women students who have Red Cross uniforms in their possession which are not being used this session are requested to have same cleaned and taken to the War Service office not later than December 15 or after January 8. The office will undertake to sell these uniforms (including ties, caps and pins) for the present owners.

## WATER POLO

The McGill water polo team defeated Montreal High, the city school champions, by the score of 14-6, in an interesting match held yesterday. The Redmen showed de-

finite improvement over their previous tilts. Cooper, Logan and Vineberg starred as forwards and Price and Townsend were effective on defence.

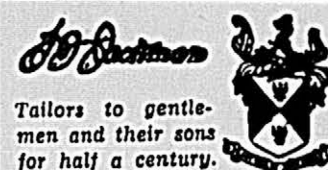
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